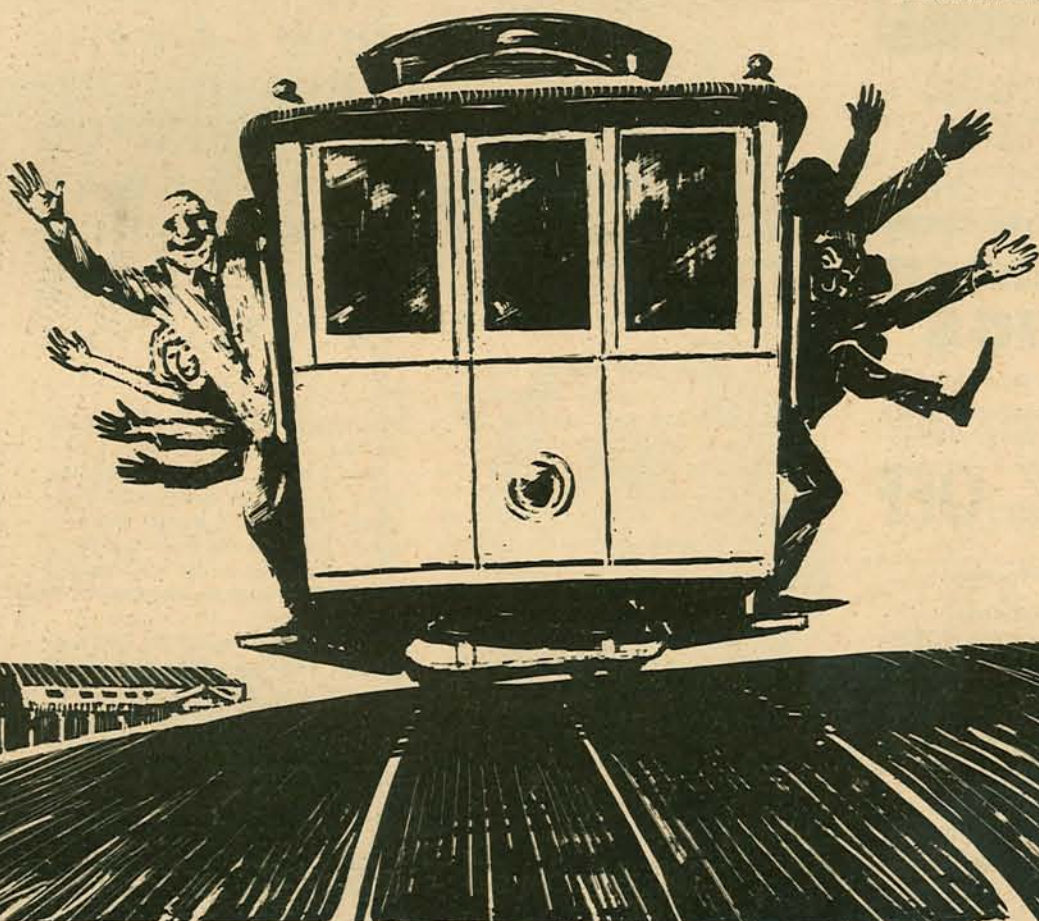
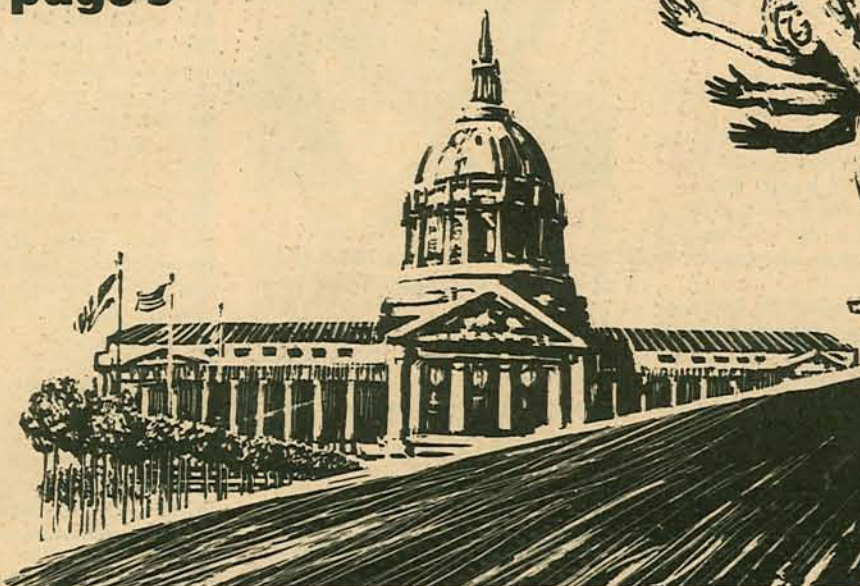


## Who's riding the Wolden tax special?

--a list of SF business firms on page 5



## PATCHEN

the  
FORGOTTEN  
POET HERO



George Gardiner, Bay Guardian Co. ©

By Douglas Dibble

Pain is an intensely personal battleground, the ultimate test of courage. How many sally forth the hero, only to retreat behind a drug-induced mist at the first fierce skirmish?

Like death, pain has no mercy, even for genius.

And it never tires, as Kenneth Patchen grittingly concedes after eight years of suffering that no hero of his novels or poems was ever called upon to endure.

Patchen, brilliant avant garde poet and author, Guggenheim Fellowship winner, giant of jazz clubs, acclaimed by fellow writers, adored by soulful beatniks, lies with pain-jarred memories in an attractive one-story house in Palo Alto.

Almost, it seems, forgotten for three years or more by Bay Area newspaper critics and writers who once bobbed enthusiastically around his sturdy, steel worker figure.

Less forgotten, however, by lovers of his breathless outbursts of lyricism who still hunt his books and records as though they contained, not words, but precious stones.

Undoubtedly, it is Patchen himself who is chiefly responsible for the world's neglect of his plight. And it is pain, again, that slammed the door.

In the eight years he has lain almost immobile on his bed, about half a dozen people have visited him. Many have tried unsuccessfully, to see him.

He does not like anyone to see him suffering, his vivacious wife,

-Continued on page 9

## O'Connor's odd stand can cost the city plenty

### City Attorney presses Wolden tax appeal

By Bruce B. Brugmann

SAN FRANCISCO—While the city assessor's office is conscientiously uncovering millions of dollars in unpaid taxes from the Wolden scandal, the city attorney's office continues to work quietly to upset the entire appellation.

If the city attorney succeeds in his quiet legal maneuvers, the city stands to lose the \$11 million that the reform assessor says 900 business firms owe the city as prime beneficiaries from at least the last three years—1964-65-66—of the Russell L. Wolden regime as city assessor.

That's correct: \$11,000,000 in taxes would be lost—to a city that, on grounds of economy, has eliminated its tree-planting program, refused to move the statue of Francis Scott Key from in front of the Aquarium, is chopping the hotel-motel tax fund for cultural and convention activities and frets about a summer hippy invasion.

Few at city hall understand the sweeping ramifications of City Attorney Thomas M. O'Connor's legal moves or, if they do, seem unwilling to talk about them publicly for the record. Here's the background:

As this journal pointed out in its last issue, officials of the City & County of San Francisco showed great reluctance to make any investigation, even after the Grand Jury made public page after page of testimony on bribes which had been paid to Wolden.

They were forced to do so when a taxpayers' law suit resulted in a court order for an investigation issued by distinguished jurist Absalom Francis Bray, a member of the State Court of Appeal since 1947.

THERE is no question but that the new assessor, Joseph E. Tinney, has done his court-ordered job conscientiously, discovering during the year that some 900 firms owe the city more than \$11 million in taxes on

personal property that either escaped assessment or was under assessed in 1964, 1965 and 1966. So far, he has collected about \$1 million of the total.

There is doubt, however, about O'Connor's position. He originally opposed any tax investigation, contending at the time that it might conflict with the criminal proceedings then being held for Wolden. Even after Justice Bray finally signed the order, O'Connor appealed.

O'Connor's appeal temporarily stopped the effect of Bray's writ, but Bray took the unusual step of holding another hearing and overriding the appeal by ordering the writ to be effective immediately.

"The city attorney," Bray said in a tart reprimand, "tells the board of supervisors it's their duty to investigate. But not now. Are you the attorney for the city and county? Or are you Mr. Wolden's attorney."

"It seems to me you should pay attention to your duty to the people and the taxpayers. There's no excuse for the board of supervisors refusing to perform their duty or for the city attorney to stand in the doorway to protect Mr. Wolden."

During the year since Bray issued his order, O'Connor has dutifully supported the investigation and opposed efforts by many of the big firms involved to escape paying their back taxes. Nonetheless, he has continued to work on the appeal of the Bray order.

The appeal—a costly expense for the city—may not wind up in a decision this year. But it will, eventually, and while the odds are very good that the Court of Appeal and even the State Supreme Court will support Bray, there is a possibility that some appellate court will discover a grave error and throw out his order.

WHAT would happen to the \$11 million if Bray's order is eventually overturned? Precise answers are difficult to come by, but the fact remains that a substantial portion of the money would have to be returned by the city to Wolden's fixers and the prime beneficiaries of his regime. O'Connor maintains he is not trying to overturn the Bray order, mere-

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FROM THE INSIDE . . .

# This Fort burlesque

By our correspondent

The firing of Dr. Joel Fort as head of the unique clinic he created—the Center for Special Problems in San Francisco—left unsolved this enigma:

How the city's health director, Dr. Ellis D. Sox, could get away with such a piece of nonsense, based on charges so farcical they seem a burlesque of bureaucracy lifted from the Harvard Lampoon.

To recap: Fort, a social psychiatrist and international authority on drug addiction, took over the directorship of San Francisco's old alcoholic clinic in the fall of 1965 on the condition, agreed to by Sox, that he might expand the clinic to handle all forms of drug dependency (including cigarettes), sex deviations, crime and delinquency, gambling and suicide. Half the budget of some \$400,000 comes from the state.

Within the year, it had won national recognition and lost its uniqueness—health officials of eastern and midwestern cities came to study Fort's program and set up similar centers.

WEEKS before Sox struck, Fort got a tip that he was to get the axe. The reason: pressure by police and federal narcotics agents who disliked Fort's medical-sociological approach to problems of drug abuse.

Fort also learned that Dr. J.M. Stubblebine, program chief for the Community Mental Health Services, planned to install an old friend, of a Midwest city, as center director. Stubblebine had originally wanted him to head the alcoholic clinic, but the timing wasn't right and Stubble-

## HOW CAN THE CITY'S HEALTH DIRECTOR GET AWAY WITH SUCH A PIECE OF NONSENSE?

bine promised to hold the post open for him. The friend was now ready.

Fort's tipster further revealed that plans were afoot to cut back drastically the center's budget and program. This was the most disturbing news of all: The center was vital; its caseload had more than tripled.

ON FRIDAY, April 21, Sox telephoned Fort the news that he was through, as of right now, and ordered him to pack up and leave the premises, quietly, suggesting that he take his vacation, accumulated overtime and sick pay—a suggestion that Fort construed as something of a proffered bribe. He refused.

Fort was quite startled to hear allegations that he had acted in an "independent and unilateral" manner on three counts:

• That, without informing his superiors, he had rented extra space at the Center at 2107 Van Ness Avenue and thereby committed the city to an unbudgeted expense;

• That he had consulted with the anti-poverty people regarding a proposal for a \$1 million federal grant to set up a narcotics treatment center, thereby committing the city;

• That, while in Washington on official business, he had telephoned the Office of Economic Opportunity to make a pitch for that grant, committing the city more deeply.

Fort's attorney, Albert Bendich, picked the accusations to shreds with incredible ease at the Civil Service Commission hearing the Thursday after the dismissal. Sox presented a rather pathetic figure as time after time he confidently set forth a charge, then yielded the truth under Bendich's probing.

YES, the city had paid rent for the extra space . . . No, he didn't have a rent bill . . . The Real Estate Department has the rent bill; it handles such matters . . . Well, no, it hasn't any rent bill . . . Well, no, the city has never paid any rent.

Independent, unilateral action? Bendich produced copies of letters Fort had sent to Sox—the first, in July 1966, noting a rapid rise in the caseload with a resultant critical space problem. No response to this and subsequent pleas until that fall, when Sox approved the request for more space, if funds were available in the next budget.

The landlord, sympathetic to



Dr. Joel Fort

Fort's plight, spoke of difficulty in renting several rooms on that floor and offered them rent free; if the new budget failed to provide funds, that too was all right. Fort stipulated that, if the landlord got a client for the room, he would move out.

(PERHAPS this was an independent, unilateral action? In a petition for a rehearing after the commission sheepishly voted, 2 to 1, to uphold the dismissal, Bendich stated: "Dr. Stubblebine was aware that Fort oc-

The Guardian uses no fictional bylines. If a writer cannot use his name for occupational or other reasons, the special byline by "our correspondent" is used. However, the Guardian must be satisfied that the article is fair, accurate and honest before writing anonymity is permitted.

cupied the extra room. He never asked him to vacate them. Instead, he went to the landlord after the termination of Fort and asked him to make out rent bills. The landlord refused. No comment on the ethics of this matter is necessary.")

Strip this charge to its one salient fact, then, and what do you get? Fort was fired for practicing economy in municipal government.

(In that regard, Sox actually could have brought a far more serious charge: Fort, by attracting a highly competent, dedicated staff, managed to handle a tripled caseload with unimpaired efficiency and without a boost in the budget.)

Sox readily admitted that the anti-poverty counts (as well as the count) first came to him as rumors. Here is a fascinating glimpse into the workings of the bureaucratic mind; no one in his right mind could possibly guess how these rumors were checked out—with the exception of the rent report—since it was established how Stubblebine strove to transform that fiction into fact.

RUMOR No. 2 proved a breeze. Sox and Stubblebine stumbled onto a rough first draft of the proposal for the \$1 million grant that bore Fort's

name (without, it developed, his knowledge.) Ipso facto, proof of commitment!

Rumor No. 3 is a pure gem of sleuthing. Sox put in a call to Washington. It doubtless took time, but patience paid off. Sox tracked down the very man to whom Fort made the phone call while in Washington, and at a cost of probably under \$20. But it was no longer hearsay; it was true.

Clever as this was, many observers at the hearing felt that Sox could have run that rumor to earth faster, and at no cost, by simply dialing Fort on the interoffice line. Indeed, many wondered why, hearing rumors about a man who had made perhaps the most significant contribution in public health here since the regime of Dr. J.C. Geiger as health director—why he had not asked Fort if these things were true before firing him. But then, looking at it realistically, he would have lost his grounds for dismissal — for Fort could have replied forthrightly, "Yes, sir, I was doing my duty."

FORT then could have referred him to the center brochure that Sox and Stubblebine helped write—specifically, to one of many duties therein set forth. It states: "Consultation to agencies, schools, programs (anti-poverty, anti-delinquency, health, etc.)."

It is strange that Stubblebine and Sox should have forgotten this point (they had to do over five drafts of the brochure.) It would have spared them so much trouble.

Boil the anti-poverty accusations down to their essence, then, and what do you get? Fort was fired on these counts for doing exactly what he was supposed to do.

Ludicrous as these charges are, a disturbing thought arises. Suppose it were true that Fort, weighing the urgent need of caring for people in deep distress against unconscionable delays of bureaucratic red tape, had in fact taken advantage of the landlord's generosity and occupied, rent free, several extra rooms without letters to Sox. What then?

WOULD this variation from routine so overshadow Fort's achievement that he should be subject to treatment less considerate than that accorded, say, an embezzler?

There's another aspect to this sorry affair that defies comprehension. The Center for Special Problems has drawn experts from great distances to observe its makeup and its methods. The center is roughly a dozen blocks from 101 Grove St., the Health Department's headquarters. Is it not strange that Sox, as health director, has never been curious enough these past 17 months to see the place? Stranger still is the fact that Stubblebine, whose field is mental health, made the brief journey up Van Ness only once—to eject Fort.

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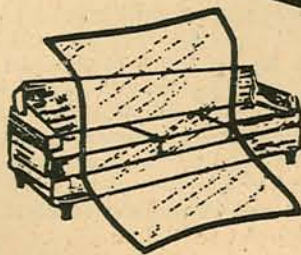
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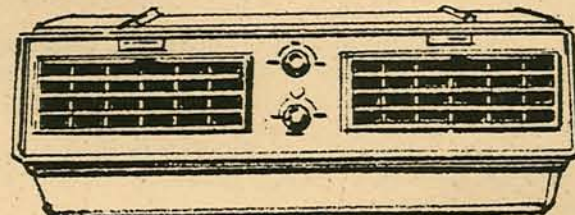
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By Paul Taylor

(Taylor, professor emeritus in economics at the University of California at Berkeley, is one of the nation's outstanding authorities in water and reclamation. Between 1943 and 1955, he served as consultant to the Central Bureau project for the Department of the Interior.)

Gov. Reagan has now assumed leadership in the 80-year-old campaign of huge landowners to grab the West's most valuable resource—water.

The grab centers, as it always has, upon Theodore Roosevelt's Reclamation Law and overriding the 160-acre provision that prohibits land and water monopoly by limiting the use of federally developed water to no more than 160 acres per owner and 320 acres per man and wife in California.

SEN. Wayne Morse once called the attacks upon this anti-monopoly provision a proposed "water 'steal' reminiscent of the great 'scandals' of Teapot Dome and the 'great land frauds.'" At stake in the fight to eliminate the provision: hundreds of billions of dollars of public subsidies, the course of much future development in California and the perpetuation of concentrated political power that goes with land and water monopoly.

Reagan has called the provision "archaic," asked for revision in "the public interest" and appointed a task force to make recommendations within 90 days.

Members are distinguished, his news release asserts, by their "intimate knowledge and substantial experience" with the problems. The point: the committee is heavily freighted with the same land-holding interests (chairman: Burnham Ekersson, water attorney for the Kern County Land Co.) who have fought for decades to abolish the ceiling and open the floodgates to subsidized water.

GIVEN the governor's mandate and the makeup of the committee, there is little doubt but what it will recommend.

The practical purpose and effect of the 160-acre law are often misunderstood by the public. It is to place a ceiling on the amount of public subsidy that an individual landowner may lawfully receive (about \$160,000) and a man and wife (about \$320,000.)

Have modern conditions made public subsidies of \$160,000 and \$320,000 unreasonable, and consequently "archaic?" What should the ceiling be? Should the sky be the limit? The urge to remove subsidy ceilings of this magnitude makes attacks upon the 160-acre limitations by landholders with 50,000 to 150,000 acres readily understandable, but, from any public point of view, hardly justifiable.

I invite the attention not only of Californians to this question, but of people in all parts of the nation, whose money is being misused in the West, whose sons are being confronted in the West with opportunity diminished below the intention of the law and whose solemn statutes are being twisted like pliant rubber hose from their true purposes under the pressure upon public officials from powerful western interests.

The truth is the first casualty in the usual public discussion of the 160-acre law and California's water development. So let us begin by speaking of truth and of its conceal-

‘Today the law is twisted into a program to bring huge subsidies, vast unearned increments, and monopoly of water to a few’

ment, for the next step after evasion of the truth is evasion of the law.

The truth about the 160-acre law can be discovered easily. It can be read in the text of the law itself as enacted by Congress. It can be read in a penetrating analysis by a faithful and competent administrator of the law, former Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes. It can be read in authoritative words of the Supreme Court of the United States interpreting the law.

The statute says simply, that "No right to the use of water for land in private ownership shall be sold for a tract exceeding 160 acres to any one landowner."

Ickes, secretary of the interior under President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, said that "It is the age-old battle over who is to cash in on the unearned increment in land values created by a public investment." (Ickes to Frank Clarvoe, editor of the San Francisco News, Oct. 31, 1945)

THE Supreme Court spells out the functions of the 160-acre limitation unmistakably: "That benefits may be distributed in accordance with the greatest good to the greatest number of individuals. The limitation insures that this enormous expenditure will not go in disproportionate share to a few individuals with large landholdings. Moreover, it prevents the use of the federal reclamation service for speculative purposes..."

"irrigation . . . without interest charge is a subsidy, the cost of which will never be recovered in full."

The function of the 160-acre limitation, then, is to assure that the people's money and the people's water are used to create opportunity for the many, by preventing the few from monopolizing the subsidies, the water, and the incremental land values created on reclamation projects by public appropriations. I refer specifically to reclamation projects in the Imperial Valley and in southern California under the Boulder Canyon Act and northward in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys in the Central Valley project.

HERE are the clues, in acres and dollars, of the magnitude of the stakes and power of motivation for the Western forces to evade the reclamation law. About 200,000 acres, or 40 per cent of the irrigated lands in Imperial Valley, receive California River water in evasion of the law.

In the San Joaquin valley, 36 large landholders have been identified as owners of three-quarters of a million of acres of irrigable land, averaging 22,000 acres apiece. At Westlands, on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley, owners of 400,000 acres—an area about half the size of Rhode Island—are on the eve of receiving illegal water from the Bureau of Reclamation. Southern Pacific alone holds 120,000 acres here.

THERE, at Westlands, the national treasury is pouring a half billion dollars onto a half million acres, with assessed value of only \$26 million, and present population of only 25,000 persons. Unless their owners qualify their lands under the 160-acre limitation, three-quarters of the half million acres are legally disqualified from receiving benefits in the form of public money and public water.

To recapitulate, the plain truth is: (1) reclamation heavily subsidizes private landowners; (2) the 160-acre limitation, properly enforced, prevents water monopoly, places a liberal ceiling on individual receipt of public subsidies and controls distribution of unearned increment in land values—all to protect the many

from the few; (3) the 160-acre limitation, applying to ownership rather than to scale of operations, does not stand as a barrier to efficiency as embodied in mass production methods and use of machinery on a large scale.

These are truths. They expose untruths which underly evasion of law and the campaign to remove the 160-acre limitation.

What are the techniques of law evasion? They are as numerous and ingenious as representatives of large landholdings and unsympathetic administrators can conjure up. A few examples:

- Ignore the legal prohibition of delivery of water to an individual for more than 160 acres, and substitute delivery of water to a district, instead, allowing the district to distribute the water as it pleases.

- Ignore the legal requirement of agreements from owners of excess lands prior to letting contracts for construction and, instead, construct the project first, leaving excess-land owners unlimited time thereafter to volunteer, or not to volunteer, to dispose of their excess lands.

- Create an outright fiction. The truth is that the law applies to all project water, whether it reaches land by canal on the surface or by underground reservoir. The tactic is to simply ignore the law if the water reaches the land via the underground, an escape hatch used since 1937.

OPPOSITION to the excess land law moves in two main directions, attack on the law itself and pressure on administrators to weaken enforcement. The former tactic is preferred, for congressional exemptions are final, if they can be won. However, the effort to obtain outright exemptions is likely to arouse popular and effective resistance in Congress. But, of the alternative, a spokesman for large landholdings candidly explained to Congress that in some cases nonenforcement "would not be a safe solution . . . landowners could not rely on continued future non-enforcement." The twin campaigns against the law and its administration have proceeded simultaneously with fluctuating intensity. Gov. Reagan now breathes life into the first.

We stand face to face with the end of the reclamation era. Reclamation began as a great measure of conservation initiated under President Theodore Roosevelt, planning and assisting the development of western waters to create opportunity for the many.

As now administered, however, the program is no longer reclamation. It is twisted into a program to bring huge subsidies, vast unearned increments and monopoly of water to the few. We are not only "giving away" to a very few the water that belongs to all the people; we are spending huge sums of the public's money, a large portion of which never is returned to the treasury, to make sure that the few actually receive these waters that belong to the many.

Instead of gratitude for this largess, the law is attacked as "outmoded," and unfair by those whom

the law sought to bring under its control, but who now virtually control the manner of its administration on the greatest of the reclamation projects. Since Congress and the Supreme Court have sustained the law, the pressures are heavy upon administrators to provide the exemption that the legislative and judicial branches of government have denied.

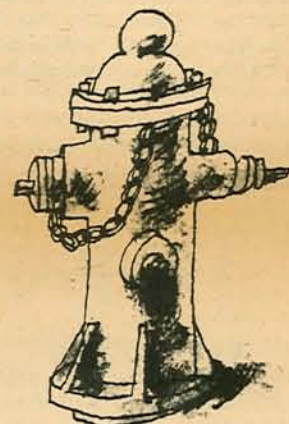
The plain fact is that the real orientation of the 160-acre limitation from 1902 to this very day, is and always has been toward the future, not the past.

The future that impends in California is a future without open spaces in its valleys, without greenbelts, with its most productive agricultural lands overwhelmed by ever-spreading urban slurb and sprawl, prospectively, from San Diego to Mt. Shasta. Measures initiated by the State, although commendable in purpose, are limited in possible effectiveness, and could be greatly augmented by a program of government purchase of excess lands.

According to estimates by the AFL-CIO, there are 900,000 acres today in California that are "excess" and not in conformity with the requisites of the 160-acre limitation.

Government purchase of these excess acres would be a long step toward assuring conservation of natural beauty in the valleys and on the plains of California and the West. The West has a right to demand that the federal government live up to its responsibilities under reclamation law for the quality of its future.

First of a series



—Sketches by Earl Thollander  
(From "Cry California," published by California Tomorrow, Sacramento.)

In an editorial in our April 20th issue, The Guardian stated that James Webb, NASA administrator, had been president of North American Aviation Company before his federal appointment. That statement is incorrect; the aircraft company with which Webb was affiliated was McDonnell Aircraft Company. The other connections between North American and the government, outlined in the Guardian, were accurately reported and the issue raised by the relationship of North American to NASA remains disturbing.

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# Would you believe Nixon as GOP Secretary of State?

By our correspondent

WASHINGTON — Reagan for president in 1968? Hardened Washington logic says no.

But old political pros here don't rule California's white hat hero totally out of the 1968 GOP convention picture — and, oddly enough, it's Dick Nixon who keeps them skeptical.

Here's the picture, as viewed from the capital.

At this moment, Nixon is about two-thirds of the way toward tying up enough convention votes to win nomination on the first ballot. He's using the technique the Goldwater forces displayed so brilliantly in 1964 — going directly to the delegates.

While Romney backers like Rockefeller spur the Michigan Mormon to develop a hard-core organization, little progress has been made in that direction. Romney, friendly but aloof and most of all stubbornly independent, refuses to put his future in someone else's hands.

SO NIXON leads by a wide margin at this point. Going for him are his Eastern money connections, Western conservatives and Southerners and other longtime GOP losers who remember his political favors to them in days gone by.

How does Nixon's strength figure to possibly inject Reagan into the convention limelight?

Nixon's biggest drawback is his image as a loser. There's plenty of reason to doubt he'll ever be able to corral that final, vital third of the convention delegates.

So, a year before the fact, it appears the Republican convention will be up for grabs after the first ballot. Nixon doesn't figure to make inroads into the liberal-moderate wing that will be Romney's base support. And Romney seems even less likely to make significant head-

way with Nixon's hard-line conservative backers — who won't forget how Romney refused to support Goldwater.

A compromise candidate may be the order of the day.

**ROCKEFELLER?** Highly unlikely. Conservatives don't like him much better than Romney. His divorce and remarriage, although somewhat

settle for being secretary of state in the GOP administration? Many observers here would, and they figure Tricky Dick will swing his support to whoever pledges him that post.

Rockefeller, who loathes Nixon personally as well as politically, would never agree to include him in his cabinet. Romney doesn't like him either.

So again we're left with Reagan, who finds the Nixon philosophy — especially on Vietnam — just fine with him.

IN ALL this speculation about Reagan's chances, one shouldn't overlook the well-advertised, seemingly inexhaustible Republican death wish.

If the GOP runs true to form and nominates a man whose chances against Johnson would be less than 50-50, it has to be either Nixon or Reagan.

At this time, at least, Rockefeller is seen as a sure winner over Johnson in 1968. The polls show Romney would have to beat himself to lose. Even Percy, assuming a powerful, well-financed campaign, would rate no less than even money to banish LBJ to the Perdenales.

ONLY Nixon and Reagan appear hopeless underdogs.

They alone would fail to benefit from big-city Negro dissatisfaction with the empty promises of the "Great Society." Only they would be deeply hurt by George Wallace's expected third-party campaign — because they alone would be depending on picking up some Southern states. And they alone would fail to draw massive support from anti-war liberals.

Given Nixon's inability to capture the convention, plus the masochistic Republican desire to be nationally rejected at least once every four years, Reagan's chances to be the anointed appear surprisingly good.

## D A T E L I N E W A S H I N G T O N

sanctified by Happy's prodigious pregnancy rate, still will hurt him with Bible belt delegates. Reagan divorced Jane Wyman, luckily for him, before he entered public life.

Percy? His dovish Vietnam stance won't hold water with the rank and file. However, he remains a threat because, as Gore Vidal recently remarked — "Percy's total lack of character, his putty-like personality, make him perfect material for shaping as a dream candidate."

In the event of a standoff, the likely winner will be the man who can pick up the solid Nixon bloc. That man is likely to be Reagan.

There's another aspect of the Nixon-Romney relationship that should be mentioned.

NIXON has never figured to beat Johnson — assuming the Viet Cong don't suddenly invade the West Coast. Many politicians here think Nixon knows his chances against any Democrat with less than two heads are nil. So they try to figure why he's running so hard for the nomination.

Would you believe Nixon would

## Taxpayers: know your enemy

By Keith Murray

SACRAMENTO — Gov. Reagan has put together a fairly progressive tax plan, but the question is: Can he get it past Democrats in the Legislature?

THERE are two major tax bills before the Legislature. One is Reagan's. The other is proposed by moderate Republican Assemblyman John Veneman. Veneman's bill is a less desirable version of the Democratic Petris-Unruh plan that passed only the Assembly in 1965. After

Veneman added a provision for income tax withholding, it was supported by the Assembly's Democratic establishment.

The main features of the Veneman bill: a one cent increase in the sales tax, five cents increase in the cigarette tax, one per cent increase in bank and corporation taxes and higher income taxes. The sales tax increase would finance a mandatory reduction in school property taxes, averaging 20 per cent. Business inventory and personal property taxes would be eliminated.

Reagan's tax package differs mainly by raising cigarette taxes only 3½ cents, raising the liquor excise tax, and providing income tax increases distinctly more favorable to lower incomes and less property tax relief. He would not repeal the business inventory tax and, of course, opposes income tax withholding.

THE present combined load of state and local taxes is severely regressive — that is, it falls most heavily on those least able to pay. The goal of a tax reform package should be to make this combined load progressive, while raising revenue sufficient for public needs.

THE key to equitable taxation is the income tax. The main flaw in California's income tax is that it provides only a paltry 12.8 per cent of the state's total revenues. Both tax plans would increase income tax revenues by narrowing the brackets and raising the top level to 10 per cent. It should be more.

Income tax rates should increase up to 15 per cent on higher incomes as they did before World War II and as the Petris-Unruh bill proposed. Beware the sneak device of adding one per cent onto each bracket. This would double the rate for the lowest income bracket.

BOTH tax plans substitute tax credits for present personal exemptions. But Reagan offers larger credits and fixes the threshold of taxable income at \$2,000 rather than \$1,500. Thus he puts substantially less burden on those with lower incomes.

Fiscal sanity demands that California join the vast majority of income-taxing states and impose withholding. Higher rates will increase the already serious losses from evasion and from people who leave the state. Reagan's argument — that withholding makes tax paying too painless — is spurious on its face.

THE difficulty here is to know the enemy. Reagan may or may not veto a bill that contains tax withholding. But Gov. Brown's past efforts to

## INSIDE

BRIEFS  
FROM HERE  
AND  
THERE

Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, D-N.Y., will speak on Aug. 4 at a \$100-a-person Democratic legislative campaign fund-raising dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco.

He was invited to California by Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh, D-Inglewood, who is worried Democrats may lose control of both houses of the legislature to the Republicans in the 1968 elections.

They now hold a bare 21-19 majority in the Senate, and a slim 42-38 edge in the Assembly due to big GOP gains in last November's debacle.

Whichever party controls the legislature in 1971 controls legislative district reapportionment; so the stakes are high in the next couple of elections.

Kennedy is a big drawing card, and can be expected to fill the Fairmont's Gold Ballroom to capacity with \$100 donors, thus enriching Unruh's campaign warchest.

That is, unless Democratic party leaders call the whole thing off.

Many of them are sore because Unruh and his lieutenants in the legislature have exerted almost total control over disbursements from the Democratic Legislative Campaign Committee treasury.

Funds, these leaders complain, have been distributed in the past to legislative candidates, not necessarily on the basis of need, but on the basis of loyalty to Unruh.

Some talk disparagingly of the kitty as a "slush fund" that also contains contributions from lobbyists of unknown proportions.

Protestants — generally members of the hierarchy of the Democratic State Central Committee — have never had any great affection for Unruh and they are now putting heat on the powerful speaker.

They have warned Unruh that, unless he gives more Democrats a stronger voice in doling out the campaign funds, they will urge Kennedy not to speak at the dinner.

They have a powerful case: The last thing Kennedy wants is to be involved in an intra-party Democratic squabble in California.

They also have precedent on their side. Two years ago, they killed a Kennedy speaking engagement at an Unruh fund-raiser when it conflicted with another Democratic party event.

Unruh apparently has come to terms with the party leaders, because the Aug. 4 dinner appears to have united backing from all factions.

"But if there is any funny business," one party chieftain confided, "that dinner will be called off faster than you can blink an eye."

The brains behind Ronald Reagan's successful campaign for governor last year already are hard at work on Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel's 1968 re-election campaign.

Spencer, Roberts and Haffner, the talented political public relations firm, has formed a "Friends of Ronald Reagan" group.

It is headed by Hollywood film czar Jack Warner — Reagan's old boss in the movies and one of the new governor's original boosters — and its first job is to nail down big campaign contributions.

Spencer, Roberts and Haffner, which has been all over the GOP ideological lot, working in recent years for liberal New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and the conservative Reagan, got the go-ahead from Reagan to work for Kuchel.

This may seem odd to those who remember that Reagan headed a "stop-Kuchel" movement in the 1962 GOP primary, and that Kuchel refused to endorse Reagan's candidacy for governor.

But as Reagan aides point out, "Kuchel is a lucky man. He always runs at the right time."

What they mean is that Reagan's presidential ambitions — or at least his desire to be a powerful force at the GOP nominating convention — are dependent on his heading up a unified party in California.

He cannot afford to have a bloodbath on his hands resulting from a party-splitting fight between Kuchel and Max Rafferty or someone else.

If Kuchel survives the primary, leaders of both parties agree he probably would be unbeatable in the general election. Democrats have few candidates, other than Los Angeles Mayor Samuel Yorty, who has few friends north of the Los Angeles city limits.

Former Gov. Pat Brown talks now and again as if he could be tempted into running for the Senate, but some of his closest friends are advising against it.

Brown has run the course once too often, and, using his own argument, they point out the party is in desperate need of fresh, young talent. So far, none has emerged with statewide recognition.

The hurly-burly at Ramparts has far from subsided. The story of Ed Keating, ousted founder/publisher, hasn't been told, but this is because his strategy is to say little until he makes a counter-Putsch, probably this week. His case against the revolutionary axis of Warren Hinckle/Robert Scheer/Dugald Sturmer is said to be damning.

Even the magazine's inside critics feel it won't collapse (another \$300,000 has been pledged), but the offspring newspaper, Sunday Ramparts, probably will. The magazine will no longer subsidize the newspaper, as it has in the past, and independent financing must be found quickly. The paper's staff has been given two weeks' notice.

The irony: Keating had given stock, at \$10 a share, to his eventual ousterers (Hinckle, \$100,000; Scheer \$15,000; Sturmer \$25,000; Howard Gossage \$4,500; G.M. Feigan \$4,500 and Joseph Ippolito \$25,000) according to corporation commissioners' records, but none to his eventual supporters.

Further intelligence: a loyalty oath was circulated in the office which stipulated that, if Hinckle were fired, the signer would resign.



*A Dilemma of the Contemporary Church*

Charles Y. Glock, Benjamin B. Ringer and Earl R. Babbie

This national survey of Episcopalians offers an analysis of a current dilemma of the church in America. "A most disturbing book . . . the church has two distinct roles . . . to care for the halt, the lame, the blind, the weary and heavy laden (to comfort) and also to make the church meaningful and influential in daily life (to challenge). . . . Watch for this book . . . even the tables are interesting, and distressing." —Prof. Edward C. Hobbs, *Church Divinity School of the Pacific*. \$5.75

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-Continued from page 1

ly attacking the supplement to the order which awarded huge attorneys' fees to the lawyers who brought the taxpayers' suit and forced the city to act. According to a sliding scale set by the justice, the attorneys will receive 20 per cent of the first \$1 million collected, 10 per cent of the second \$1 million and 5 per cent of the third \$1 million.

From the results of the investigation, it is clear that they will be paid the maximum allowable amount: \$350,000.

O'CONNOR is right. That is a lot of money, even for lawyers. But the law provides for such awards in cases where private attorneys force municipal officials to do things they should have done without urging.

Not only that, attorneys in the taxpayers' suit have put thousands of their valuable hours into research, preparation of voluminous briefs and many, many court appearances.

Many, many court appearances. The city attorney's explanations notwithstanding, the fact remains that his appeal is aimed both at the substance of Bray's order and his decision on lawyers' fees. Perhaps, when the matter is settled in two or three years, someone will ask O'Connor what his appeal cost the city and why he showed such vigor in its perfection—vigor he never showed when voices in the city were clamoring for a tax investigation.

## Attorney Defends Business Firms

Gentlemen:

I have just read the interesting "expose" entitled "Guilty Firms Wriggle on Taxes" and the editorial on the same subject in your April 20 issue.

I am one of the lawyers representing San Francisco business firms in those "chummy sessions at City Hall" to which your editorial refers. To me and my clients, the situation you describe looks quite different:

Your article and editorial contain a number of misconceptions ("chummy" is about the last word you could use to describe those sessions at City Hall), but I like the general approach of looking at the forest and not the trees, so I will concentrate on the central issue, which your correspondent correctly identifies as "something called an assessment ratio."

He goes on to describe an assessment ratio with acceptable accuracy as "the percentage of true market value used for taxing purposes." But he fails to ask the obvious next question: what was "the percentage of true market value used for taxing purposes" in San Francisco during the years with respect to which back taxes are sought?

**THE LAW**, as well as considerations of fundamental fairness, dictates that this percentage must be the same for all kinds and classes of property, whether homes or businesses, land or personal property. Each taxpayer is entitled to have his property assessed at the same ratio of assessed to fair market value as every other taxpayer — at the ratio that prevails generally throughout the county.

(Contrary to a widely-held misapprehension, there is no legal basis for assessing businesses at one ratio and homes at another.) The issue that divides the business firms under attack from the current Assessor is, then, one of fact: What was the assessment ratio that prevailed generally throughout San Francisco during the years in question?

Your article, and the entire attempt to collect the \$11,000,000, is based upon the proposition that the answer to that question is 50% because that was the "announced" ratio.

Mr. Wolden "announced" a 50% ratio, but that doesn't make it the lawful ratio unless he actually applied it generally throughout the county — applied it, that is, to those other than the taxpayers currently under attack. Did he?

—Continued on page 8

# Firms fighting for \$11 million

This is the list, at presstime, of San Francisco business firms that are protesting the payment of some \$11 million which the reform city assessor says they should have paid, but didn't, during 1964-65-66 — the last three years of Russell L. Wolden's regime as city assessor.

Wolden was convicted on bribery and conspiracy charges. His appeal was filed Monday.

The list has never before been published. More names will be published in the next issue as payments are received at city hall. The city holds payments in escrow until the protests are adjudicated.

It should be made quite clear that the great majority of the 900 odd corporations under investigation were never connected to the Wolden scandal. Nevertheless, nearly all benefitted from his favors and, even if they were innocent beneficiaries, it came at the expense of ordinary business and private taxpayers who made up the unpaid taxes of the big firms.

Firms hit with 10 per cent penal assessments – who failed to file during the proper filing period – are listed with check marks.

NAME	ADDRESS	ESCAPED ASSESSMENTS	NAME	ADDRESS	ESCAPED ASSESSMENTS
Theo. Hamm Brewing Co.	1550 Bryant St.	\$135,127.22 (1964-65-66)	Maxferd Jewelry Co.	985 Market St.	19,021.73 (1964-65-66)
Ransohoff's, Inc.	259 Post St.	5,231.80 (1964)	✓Bally, Inc.	255 Geary St.	15,926.02 (1964-65)
Industrial Specialties Co.	1255 Shafter St.	5,589.08 (1964-65-66)	✓GallenKamp	900 Market St.	12,800.00 (1964-65-66)
Gilmore Envelope Corp.	111 Potrero Ave.	30,755.24 (1964-65-66)	Haas Bros.	2400 Army St.	7,500.30 (1964-65-66)
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	1717 Harrison St.	25,526.12 (1964-65-66)	J.B. Sherr Co.	685 Seventh St.	2,996.90 (1964-65-66)
The Borden Co. Western Div.	1325 Potrero St.	30,479.81 (1964-65-66)	Bearing Engineering Co.	1547 Mission St.	466.10 (1964)
Lyons-Magnus Food Products, Inc.	2545 Sixteenth St.	46,011.57 (1964-65-66)			631.33 (1965)
Hancock Bros.	1900 Carroll St.	15,401.15 (1964-65-66)			823.50 (1966)
✓Circus Foods	122 Fifteenth St.	7,131.89 (1964)			3,716.29 (1965-66)
		712.47 (1964)			9,357.60 (1964-65-66)
		15,624.55 (1965)			6,291.31 (1964-65-66)
		1,563.12 (1965)			18,930.85 (1964-65-66)
		11,242.65 (1966)			673.32 (1964)
		1,125.19 (1966)			568.08 (1965)
Joseph Magnin Co., Inc.	59 Harrison St.	10,914.84 (1964)			
		10,640.91 (1965)			
		11,578.91 (1966)			
✓Clementina Ltd.	2177 Jerrold St.	2,432.28 (1964)			
		243.21 (1964)			
		7,501.13 (1965)			
		750.09 (1965)			
Hills Bros. Coffee, Inc.	2 Harrison St.	33,753.70 (1966)			
		6,574.18 (1964)			
Ginn and Co.	255 Twelfth St.	63,466.52 (1964)			
		40,363.40 (1965)			
		\$37,439.28 (1966)			
British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.	3150, 3240 3rd St.	21,728.90 (1964-65-66)			
Lucky Stores, Inc.	1701 Marina Blvd. (San Leandro)	2,231.46 (1964)			
		2,427.20 (1965)			
		1,062.65 (1966)			
		23,061.22 (1964-65-66)			
Bauer-Schweitzer Malting Co., Inc.					
✓Hibbard Medical & Surgical Supply Co., Inc.	3001 22nd St.	14,612.50 (1964-65-66)			
F.E. Booth Co. Inc.		15,738.94 (1964-65)			
J.E. Higgins Lumber Co.	99 Bayshore Blvd.	8,032.00 (1965-66)			
Ciba Products Corp.	52 Colin P. Kelly Jr. St.	3,156.02 (1964-65-66)			
Weeks Howe Emerson Co.	645 Howard	14,449.99 (1964-65-66)			
Kahn & Keville	500 Turk	1,590.78 (1966)			
✓Bruce Bary Inc.	52 Stonestown	2,101.50 (1964-65-66)			
✓Bergen Van Brunt	1255 Post St.	166.65 (1964-65-66)			
✓National Stores	929 Market St.	530.55 (1965-66)			
Perini Corp.	255 California St.	710.34 (1964)			
		686.44 (1965)			
Schneider Bros. Inc.	240 Post St.	15,419.71 (1964-65-66)			
Williams Lithograph Co.	534 4th St.	296.90 (1964)			
		1,461.95 (1965)			
		1,964.05 (1966)			
✓Worthington Corp.	Harrison, N.J.	8,493.82 (1964-65)			
Chesapeake Shoe Co.	375 Fremont St.	2,411.14 (1964)			
		7,444.83 (1965)			
		1,372.71 (1966)			
Simon Mattress Mfg. Co.	1777 Yosemite ave.	35,231.28 (1964-65-66)			
Reed & Prince Mfg. Co.	340 Bryant St.	8,132.15 (1964-65-66)			
✓John Deere Co.	651 Brannan St.	8,733.90 (1964)			
		873.32 (1964)			
		23,678.22 (1965)			
		2,367.82 (1965)			
		14,012.92 (1966)			
		1,401.25 (1966)			
✓Lewis Leavy Co. (dba Western Military Supply Co.)	976 Mission	39,313.53 (1964-65-66)			
Victor Equipment Co.	844 Folsom	58,107.97 (1964-65)			
✓Redlick-Newman Co.	2101 Mission	24,136.67 (1964-65-66)			
Green Glen	3175 18th St.	1,549.55 (1964)			
		1,499.55			
		1,911.33 (1966)			
✓Merryvale Inc.	3640 Buchanan	\$ 3,993.20 (1964)			
		398.38 (1964)			
		4,443.68 (1965)			
		443.62 (1965)			
		428.47 (1966)			

Weinstein Co. Inc.



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### By Phil Palmer

Back in the 1930's, when the work of Stieglitz, Edward Weston, Atget and Paul Strand were becoming widely known, I first encountered the work of Lewis Hine.

Hine was one of the great pioneer documentary photographers. His work had a rare honesty and emotional impact. He focused his 5x7 in. camera on the shocking working conditions in the coal mines, the immigrants at Ellis Island, child labor in the cotton mills, life in the slums in this country.

THOUGH his pictures were meant to record these social scenes, his strongest images were filled with compassion and sympathy for mankind.

The San Francisco Museum of

Art is showing about 75 contact prints of Hine's work from the collection of the George Eastman House. Many of his best known pictures are not here, but these prints nonetheless offer a good cross-section of his work.

Most of these photographs were made during the first decade of this century. There are shocking photographs of children of grade-school age working in the coal mines. He shows us the faces of the miners and the tenements of New York.

There is no pretty pictorialism here, no arty self-conscious camera work. Hine knew well what he was doing and his work is direct and forceful.

The show continues through May 28 at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

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# Imagine Everett Dirksen playing Truman Capote!

By Jess Brownell

I was told not long ago, by a friend whose opinions are generally not wholly loony, that it was his feeling that America was entering a new age of political satire.

What made him think that, I asked.

There was a long pause, and I knew he'd read it somewhere. "Well," he said finally, "there's 'MacBird'."

"Is there really?"

There is really, of course, but one swallow does not make a spring and, I've also been told, no more does one "MacBird" make an age of political satire. (Nor would several, I fear.) And anyway, I have some doubt that the country needs an age of political satire, or, indeed, that one would even be legal: Would it not be a usurpation of the natural function of congress itself? Or the San Francisco Board of Supervisors? Our legislatures must have a purpose.

No, what is taking about "MacBird" is not the satire, but the method. Once Shakespeare has been so handled, who remains sacred? We are free now to lay waste to all the classics of English literature, and I for one think we should go about it with a will.

In the space allotted me, I can naturally do little more than put forth a few suggestions, in the hope that better men and sharper minds will be moved to enlarge and improve upon them. At any rate, it will be a beginning.

"Ulysses." Lyndon Dedalus and Bobbie Bloom. Opportunity aplenty for interior monologue. Agenbite of inwit in a Texas drawl. (Dean Rusk as Buck Mulligan? "Stately, plump...")

"Moby Dick". Ahab Nixon in search of the Great White House which has eaten away his substance.

What there was of it.

"Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?" Rocky and Happy. George and Lureen. The name of the game is Who's the Hostess?

"The Old Man and the Sea." Senator Dodd fights the sharks who try to take away his big fish.

"The Catcher in the Rye." Holden Romney, who wants to save us all. Holden MacNamara, who also wants to save us all, secretly.

"Pygmalion." Hubert Higgins and Eliza Humphrey.

"The Great Gatsby." Bobby Baker's rich friends desert him.

"In Cold Blood." Everett Dirksen as Truman Capote.

"Vile Bodies." Congress is here again.

"Main Street." Lady Bird Kennicott brings culture to the provinces.

"Lady Chatterley's Lover." J. Edgar Mellors. (Couldn't resist it.)

"The Ancient Mariner." "Look,

Senator Fullbright, don't bother me while I've still got a daughter to get married off."

"Idiots Delight." This is better known as a meeting of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

"The Grapes of Wrath." Any issue of Ramparts. Or better, a board of directors meeting.

"Alice in Wonderland." At the bottom of the hole find the League for Spiritual Discovery. Given time, one actor can probably take all the roles.

Okay. That should be enough to give you the idea. (And it's certainly all I can take right now.) One more thing, if you haven't already guessed. The really attractive aspect of participation in this new age of political satire is that, like participation in so many new developments in American life, it requires no talent.

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## The San Francisco I remember

by Margo Skinner

"You can't go home again" is a peculiarly American cry — and generally it's because, in any big city, someone has bulldozed it and erected a high-rise apartment building on the lot. But the Park remains.

On the first of this month, an 11-year-old was crowned Queen of the May in Golden Gate Park, in a tradition that was part of my childhood and that stretches back into ancient rejoicing that the earth's fertility has been renewed.

THE PARK is a city child's kingdom, and it hasn't changed much. You may still cross a delicately arched bridge over a stream in which goldfish flash at the Japanese tea garden. Or walk under the flat-headed formal trees near the bandstand. Or hear the thunder of buffaloes' hooves in a wide meadow.

When I was little, there were always eucalyptus buds in my pockets, or peanuts for bright-eyed squirrels. Every Sunday was Nature Day, and my father and I alternated religiously between the beach and the park. In old clothes and fortified with a large paper bag of lunch, we roamed all day, seeing wonders.

Lunch was always the same. Baloney sandwiches on dry white bread — we both hated butter, I, I suppose, to emulate Daddy — shiny red apples, chocolate cupcakes with chocolate frosting and a large glass bottle of water.

As we ate, looking out at the sea or vast stretches of greenery, my father would talk of his childhood, of swimming in country creeks, of a nondescript dog with a spot around its eye whose name was Tip, of seeing, but never hunting, deer and raccoon and saucy-tailed rabbits.

IN GOLDEN Gate Park, if we sat quietly, we would sometimes see a live rabbit, or scurrying partridge, and the air would vibrate with birds' wings.

In the museum, where you always whispered, like in church, there was an Egyptian mummy, a royal king a long way from home. In the aquarium, strange-shaped, gaudily-colored fish looked pop-eyed at you as you stared at them. The ugliest and most frightening were the electric eels, which fascinated me.

On Stowe Lake mother ducks and their ducklings turned tail in the water to hunt food, and great white swans came to snap with sharp bills at bread we held out to them.

On the big island in Stowe Lake we found a cave. I don't know if it is there still. We never saw any other people around it, and I always regarded it as my secret.

AND WE always visited the playground, which seems much smaller now, scaled to midgets instead of one's contemporaries. There I bravely went down slides that gleamed like curved mirrors in the sun, and pumped myself above tree-tops in a swing. Or rode a battle charger, caparisoned in crimson



and gold, to the music of the calliope, my father beside me on another merry-go-round steed.

Those days seemed endless, scented with fresh grass and the mixed bouquet of flowers, and at the western end of the park the salt wind of the sea. ■

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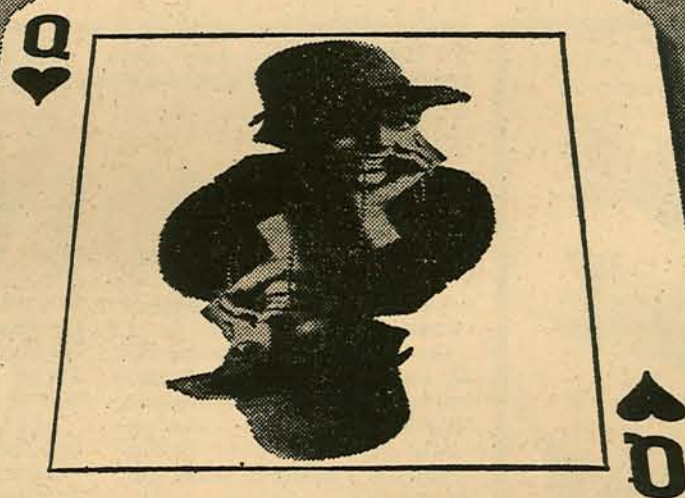
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## The biggest grab of them all

Once again, as Paul Taylor warns in the start of an important series on page 3, the battle is on to abolish the 160-acre minimum in Theodore Roosevelt's Reclamation Law. The purpose of this great act of conservation was simple: to prohibit land and water monopoly, to allow the landless to own and work farms of their own, to distribute to the many the benefits of public water and public reclamation.

It never worked that way in California. Land speculators early got much of the choice California landscape and wholesale evasion of the reclamation law allowed them, not only to retain it, but to skyrocket its value through publicly subsidized reclamation. Now, their descendants want to make the sky the limit by abolishing the limitation outright.

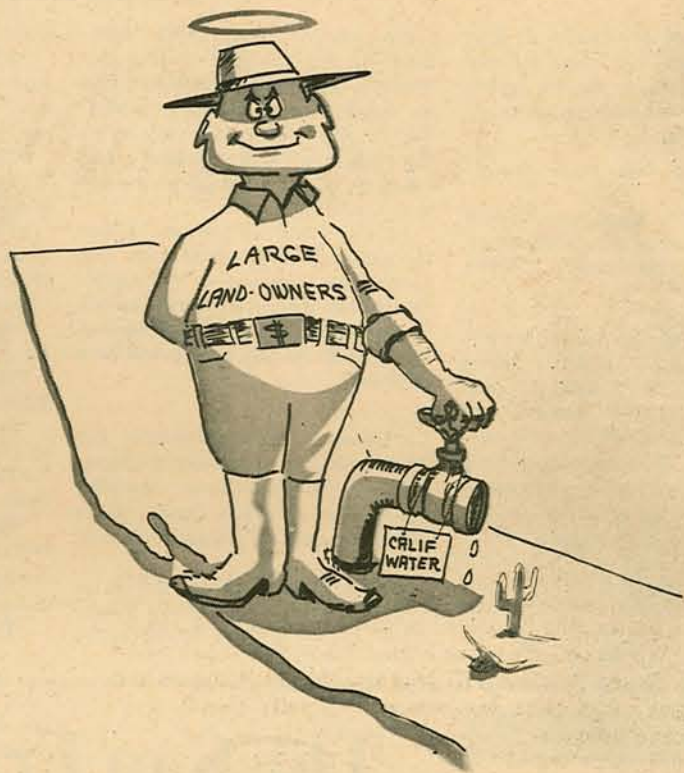
It should be clearly understood that these landowners are asking the public to give them the use of water that belongs, not to them, but to us all. Further: it should be clearly understood that they are asking the public to contribute about \$1,000 an acre toward the cost of getting water to them—money they never pay back. In the San Joaquin Valley, for example, some 36 landowners own three-quarters of a million acres; getting water to

their lands will cost the public some three-quarters of a billion dollars.

It is unconscionable that the taxpayers of California, as well as of the nation as a whole, should be asked to supply this gargantuan subsidy for the benefit of a handful of private and corporate interests. For the point is that the original 160-acre provision was and is a large subsidy—now \$160,000 per person, \$320,000 for man and wife—which was fully justified if it opened up land to landless farmers, workers and veterans, if it arrested the dangerous trend to corporate and absentee farming and if it helped conserve the state's valleys and farmlands.

But these are opportunities that can be realized only if the reclamation law is preserved and enforced in the public interest, not abandoned on behalf of private interests.

Now, with the press of population and the loss of 365 acres of farm land a day in California, the law offers the greatest opportunity of all: the machinery by which the federal government can buy excess acreage to preserve valuable agricultural land, to assure greenbelts around cities and to control urban sprawl and to conserve the state's natural heritage.



Steve Casagaglio  
Bay Guardian®

## The image forms

The image forms in the crystal ball: The Republican nominee for president, whoever he may be, will follow the moderate line of the Republican "Blue Book" on Vietnam and the remark of a venerated Senate figure, Sen. Aiken of Vermont: "I have become convinced that the present administration cannot achieve an honorable peace in Vietnam."

Let no one doubt it. Republicans, if they're out to win, will grab this issue, probably with some variation of an "I'll go to Vietnam" theme, and Johnson will be in for the fight of his political life.

There isn't much the critics of war have said, from Ramparts magazine to Sen. Morse, that is not supported and documented in the 91-page Blue Book, which was approved by the Senate Republican Policy Committee. Its chairman: the conservative Bourke Hickenlooper, R-Iowa.

It rebuts the dangerously simplistic invasion-from-the-north theory of Johnson/Rusk/Westmoreland and its corollary that war will end when North Vietnam is punished by bombs and firepower to call it quits, as it never has before in 2,000 bloody years of fighting outsiders. It

contrasts the Kennedy and Johnson record of escalation with Eisenhower's willingness "to cash in his chips in 1954, no matter how humiliating it might be to admit we had backed a loser, rather than throw good blood after bad money." It traces the Tonkin Bay affair (from which Johnson got his blank check for escalation and fighting an undeclared war without congressional approval), not to "unprovoked aggression," but to a South Vietnamese naval raid on North Vietnamese radar and naval installations.

It abandons the folly of flag-waving for stringent facts which Westmoreland's three years of "close study and daily observation" couldn't seem to find. It details our questionable quests for peace.

It concludes:

"Does the Republican party serve America best by saying that politics stops at the water's edge? That we must rally behind the President? Does bipartisanship mean that Democratic mistakes are Republican responsibilities?"

Here starts a historic shift of responsible war criticism to the center and to the right of center. The shift may be historic, but the crucial question remains:

Will it come quickly enough to temper and stop Johnson's simple-minded policy of more and more? Escalation, as senators warned eloquently Monday, is reaching the point of no return.

Note: The Guardian endorses Sen. Young's suggestion that the U.S. halt bombing for a month, starting on May 23, Buddha's birthday.

## Toward 'conservation power'

The Committee for Green Foothills, a militant, Palo Alto - based conservation group, is one of the minor glories of the conservation movement. The committee is a political as well as an educational force in the South Bay because it long ago learned, unlike many conservation groups, that you can be effective only by bringing pressure to bear on the political process.

This sort of conservation Power needs to be brought to bear south of San Francisco — on proposals to decapitate San Bruno mountain, gobble up the bay with a bayfront freeway, grab valuable sloughlands for development, ruthlessly site a Stanford industrial park in the Ladera foothills.

You can fight carnage like this by supporting the Committee and attending its 5th Birthday Picnic, from noon to dark, at Searsville Lake in Woodside on May 27.

## Still in the doorway

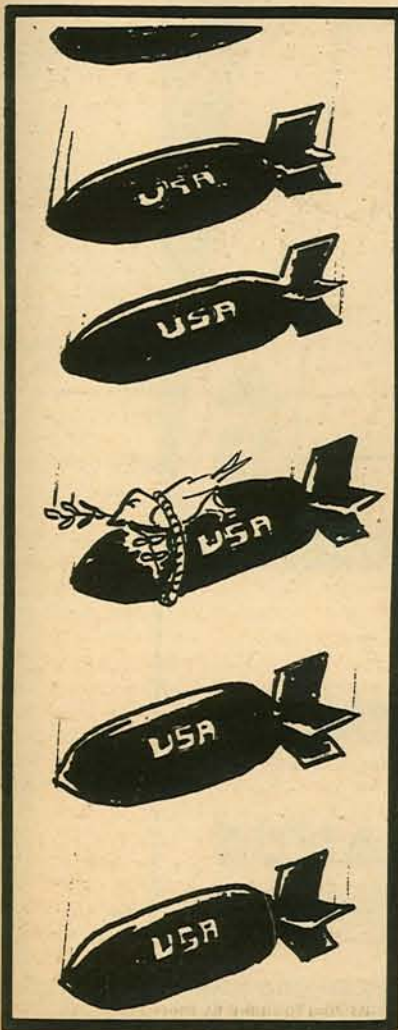
A year ago, when Justice Bray forced by decree the City of San Francisco to investigate the Wolden bribery scandal and determine what firms had been allowed leave what taxes unpaid, the distinguished jurist accused City Attorney Thomas O'Connor of standing "in the doorway to protect Mr. Wolden." He asked:

"Are you the attorney for the city and county? Or are you Mr. Wolden's attorney?"

Today, when Mr. O'Connor continues to fight Bray's decree, The Guardian asks:

"Are you the attorney for the city and county? Or are you the attorney for 900 businesses, several involved in the fixing of a public official, who owe the city \$11 million in unpaid taxes?"

For if Mr. O'Connor wins his appeal, the firms stand to save and the city to lose \$11 million. That's a lot of money.



To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the editor . . .

—Continued from page 5

**MR. TINNEY**, the present Assessor, apparently doesn't think so. He has stated publicly that assessments in 1967 at a county-wide ratio of 25% will cause an increase of about \$400,000,000 in assessed valuation.

The Joint Interim Committee of the California Legislature on Assessment Practices didn't think so. In its 1959 report it said "credence clearly cannot be given to the (assessor's) testimony that the assessment level is 50%."

The State Board of Equalization doesn't think so. It has found the average San Francisco ratio to have hovered around 20% for the past several years.

Finally, your readers won't think so if they will take a look at their recent tax bills. The average ratio applied to San Francisco residential property has for years been no more than 10.15%!

**IN SHORT**, Mr. Wolden's announced ratio of 50% was a fairy tale, and so is the notion that anyone who was assessed at less than that has paid less than his fair share of taxes. I doubt if your readers, most of whom were assessed at below the county-wide average, would like to be billed for back taxes on the basis of assessments suddenly boosted to 50% for the past three

years.

Most, indeed nearly all, of the business firms your paper finds guilty of having paid "unfairly low taxes" have already paid taxes based upon assessments higher than the county-wide average. They have paid not less but more than their fair share. Now they are asked to contribute to the city another \$11,000,000. Is it any wonder they are "wriggling?"

At the very least, can you seriously argue that it is wrong of them to exercise their constitutional right to try to prove the truth of what I have said above?

**ROBERT D. PLATT**  
San Francisco

**Our correspondent replies:**

These arguments have been made time and time again by the collected attorneys for the big companies.

They have been rejected by Justice Bray, by the Court of Appeal and even by the State Supreme Court. They will come up again.

They fail to mention U.S. Supreme Court decisions holding that property in the same class must be assessed at the same ratio. They fail to mention that the increases for 1967 predicted by Tinney will be in the ratio used to assess real property, not personal property.

To the editor:

I hope and trust that your vision in seeing the need for a Bay Area wide paper of 'news analysis and opinion' will be rewarded with the success it merits. It will be if you can maintain the high controversy and quality of your last issue.

**Attorney: Bruce Bailey**  
San Francisco, Calif.

To the editor:

I have lived in the Bay Area all

my life and I care about what happens to it. I want to know what is happening to our bay and hills and I want to know what is happening with the men who represent me in city hall, Sacramento and Washington.

I want to read forthright intelligent comment on important local issues. Your paper has begun to give me this and I hope you will continue.

**Frances Andres**  
San Francisco, Calif.

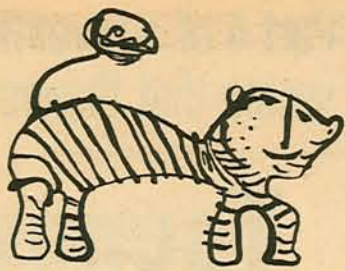
## THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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# The Fateful Twists that left Kenneth Patchen in painful isolation.



—Continued from page 1

Miriam, has often explained.

I talked to him for two hours last week. Why he left the door ajar for me, a stranger, is a mystery.

Miriam, to whom Patchen consistently dedicated his literary prizes, opened the tree-shaded door.

She is petite with long, blonde hair that she keeps well groomed for the occasional trip to the supermarket.

She is polite and charming, effusively so. Visitors are precious. Her petal-fresh laughter stirs and breaks up the fine, attractive lines of her face and cheers up the clean, homely room. She looks young, carefree.

Suddenly, after 15 minutes of light conversation, she excused herself. There was a murmuring of voices in another room, then she returned and said: "Would you like to see Kenneth now?" I hadn't asked.

It was a shock to see Patchen. His photographs cast him in something of the Bogart mold. Here was a man with puffy cheeks and a huge, faintly obscene stomach.

He caught my eyes, then shifted them without speaking to a book of poems at his side.

He lay sprawled across the double bed on his left side, his head propped up with his left hand. A pair of glasses were shoved up over his forehead and into his wiry hair.

His faded red-striped pajamas were covered at the top by an old light blue pullover and something of a large bib at the front.

Small and cluttered with books, his room nevertheless had a cared for look. Sky blue walls held an occasional gaily-colored poster painted by Patchen for his books.

Patchen's voice was another shock. Because by now I was wondering how else his illness had affected him.

It was strong, as strong as a pick axe splitting a rock. And it was calm, relaxed, with the strain of years only barely perceptible.

It was the same vibrant, emotion-clinging voice that held hundreds enthralled at San Francisco's Black Hawk nightclub in 1957 when he read his poems to a background of jazz. Did he recall the startling red jacket he used to wear?

He intercepted my glances at the work lying at his side.

"I'M working on another book of collected poems," he rumbled. "It'll be 512 pages and it's a problem. I've got to reject three out of every four poems I've written."

He stopped and waited for a question—the pattern throughout the interview. He mouthed a few sentences, then stopped abruptly, then his wife would jump in to smooth over gaps with a rush of information.

It was, perhaps, the only sign of the agony he was going through, although, there was a slight tightening now and then of his facial muscles.

"MY working periods vary. Some



days I can manage 15 minutes to half an hour. Other days it's several hours before I get knocked out. It's when I'm on my left side, like now, that it's worst."

Added Miriam: "That's the side he has to lie on to work. He's right handed, you see. He's worn out, but he has to work. It's habit. It's something he has to do."

Patchen grumbled agreement. "Yes, it's a compulsion. I've never stopped writing since I was 12."

His medical history is a nightmare and, according to his wife, an indictment of doctors. Surprisingly, unlike his wife, he bears little bitterness.

HE slipped a disc in 1937, although nobody knew it was that at the time. It was diagnosed as arthritis and he impoverished himself for years paying for expensive cortisone treatments.

It was not until 1950 that he had the first of a series of operations on his spine in New Haven, Conn. The spinal fusion was a success but doctors discovered during his long convalescence what they thought was lung cancer.

A lung operation was called for. But before chest surgery was performed, he slipped off a medical examination table, Mrs. Patchen said. His back and the pain were as bad as ever.

Bivalve, New Jersey, an innocent young man who writes an innocuous detective story which his publishers make pornographic by replacing key words with asterisks. Assumed to be a rake by his readers, he is taken up by cocktail party literary society, and his old life is destroyed.

Thrust into a hilarious but surrealistically frightening world, he is forced to develop spiritual strength to preserve his integrity and the love affair with his girl Priscilla (love is the only real value the world offers.) But poor Budd is lured into the House of the Frowning Heart where American social banality and institutionalism is rampant:

"Who is in charge here?" I asked. "My name is Winifred," she said. "I am twelve years old. My favorite actor is Anthony Eden. I can't bear some of these new luxury taxes. My favorite state is suspended animation. My favorite bliss is wedded. I sleep in my pajama bottoms."

He is kept there against his will, unable to join Priscilla on their wedding day.

Finally Budd assumes the iden-

DOCTORS then simply said, without explanation, that a lung operation was not needed, Mrs. Patchen added.

Since then, continued Mrs. Patchen, she has consulted several doctors, all of whom say it is too dangerous to attempt another spinal operation.

"My case is late TV, Gothic novels," interjected Patchen, with a flash of rare humor.

"I don't feel bitter about it. But I'm not particularly resigned to it, either. I share my wife's view that there must be something that can be done."

"THE greatest problem is convincing surgeons that I'm willing to take the 50-50 chance that I'll not be able to walk at all."

At the moment, Patchen can shuffle painfully now and then into another room where he paints illustrations for his more than 500 books of picture poems.

A dangerous ulcer complicates surgery. At the side of his bed lay a half-finished glass of milk—his sole diet for many years, except for occasional cereal.

He leaves the house only for six-monthly medical examinations in San Francisco. He cannot find doctors willing to visit him.

But car trips are excruciating agony and, because he must lie down, he cannot see outside the car. A wheel chair would be similarly agonizing.

A LARGE, beautiful back lawn with a fence of trees is all he sees of the world, but he keeps on turning out exquisite poetry. The comic in him is still there, he maintains.

"I have come to terms with the pain. It's just not occurred to me not to be sustained. I haven't given up hope yet," he said.

Coming to terms with the pain means rejecting pain-killing drugs. "To kill the pain would mean to half-kill me. I would never be able to work," he growled.

He defends, rebelliously, his refusal to see sympathetic visitors. "I've never felt any need to surround myself with people or with things."

THE remark was characteristic of Patchen who has never been a passive victim of American society. In



the 1930s, Patchen attacked what he felt to be the rottenness in the American social structure.

His pacifism and anti-jingoism during World War II, when almost all other writers were rallying to the colors, alienated magazines and newspapers. Reviewers characterized him as an "anarchist" or worse.

WHEN Patchen's comic novel, "Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer," came out after the war, it was treated with icy critical disdain. Still, his books were widely circulated.

When, too, Patchen the Rebel came to be nationally associated with the San Francisco Beat poets because of his night club poetry readings to a jazz accompaniment, he issued a statement dissociating himself from the "San Francisco Scene."

But few, when they came down to it, denied Patchen's talent. Least of all his fellow writers.

In November, 1949, in an almost unprecedented tribute, a flock of writers, including T.S. Eliot, E.E.

Cummings, Osbert and Dame Edith Sitwell, Thornton Wilder, Archibald MacLeish, W.H. Auden and many others, assembled at the Community Church in New York to read from their poetry to raise money for Patchen's medical expenses.

AND they have been huge. Patchen himself, in a quick estimate, put them at \$10,000 over the years. Today he lives on meager royalties from his many books.

Monthly payments on his \$12,000 home are \$87.50. His wife is unable to work since she, too, has been ill with multiple sclerosis, although she is much better now. She is also a diabetic.

"It is almost a hand-to-mouth existence," said Miriam, laughingly brushing away the subject.

Disregarding the pain, Patchen succinctly explained the real tragedy of his immobility. "It has retarded my development as an author."

"I'VE been forced to the realization that I don't have freedom from day to day to work as long as I please."

For years he had been planning another novel—his "great one"—called "The Human Winter." Resignedly he said: "I just know I can't do it now. It's not a disappointment, it's just a fact."

Patchen, says his wife, is "horribly well balanced."

"I think I take after my father, who will be 85 next month. He is an amazing man. He worked in the Ohio steel mills and nothing seemed to knock him out. Not even the depression, when he lost everything. He just took it all in his stride and began building houses in his spare time."

"THE Patchens are crazy," put in Miriam merrily.

"I would say I'm exactly the same now as I was when I was 12," declared Patchen sturdily. He is 56. "I think the same way and I function the same way."

Breathed his wife: "It's true. He's not changed a bit. I don't understand it. It's extraordinary."

Patchen rolled his tongue around his mouth and looked like an old bear who's had some honey.

Miriam, the loyal wife, sincerely meant it.

Then the pair exchanged swift glances. There was an undetected sending and receiving of a message. And Miriam quickly announced that Patchen couldn't take any more. He would have to rest.

Not once had he even hinted, in our impersonal discussion of pain, at the actual agony he was undoubtedly feeling.

## IS PATCHEN READY FOR THE ACADEMY?

by Raymond Nelson

Nelson teaches a course on Patchen at Stanford University.

Kenneth Patchen is not yet ready for admission into an Academy of Literary Immortals; he is too much with us, too alive and vigorous for institutionalization. He would probably refuse to respect the no-smoking signs anyway and his rowdy wise-cracking might upset the composure of resident laureates—to say nothing of visitors.

But sooner or later, room will have to be made for him. His two novels, "Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer," and "The Journey of Albion Moonlight," are the work of a master. They force us to judge Patchen according to the standards reserved for the finest literary artists and give him the status of an unquestionably major author.

"SHY Pornographer" (1945), which, despite its title, somehow escaped becoming a best-seller, will probably always be his most popular and easily read work. The "shy pornographer" is Albert Budd of

city of Christ and is crucified in Times Square. The novel ends happily in a heaven that might have been created by a child (and here one notes Patchen's affinity to painters like Klee, Chagall and Miro):

"The first thing I noticed was the sky. I had a lot of drawings of birds and fishes and funny little trees on it. Also there was a big golden ball with lines shooting out from it. That must be the sun, I thought. . ."

"Shy Pornographer" is a tour de force, but it is "The Journal of Albion Moonlight" that will convince the suspicious. The "Journal" is—or should be—an American classic. It is typically American in its attempt to communicate experience of an intensity and universality beyond the usual reach of words. A work of extraordinary variety and richness, it is set in marvelous regions no traveler has explored since Gulliver was thrown up on the shores of Brobdingnag.

ALTHOUGH the "Journal" is more ambitious and powerful than "Shy Pornographer," Patchen creates in both books a world which

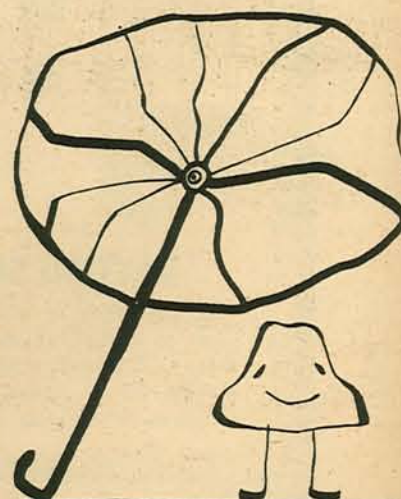
permits him to investigate the limitations and possibilities of human experience. He ranges between "realities" of optimism and pessimism, love and terror, laughter and despair.

His vision of mankind has made him unpopular in the past, but should probably help him gain recognition now. It seems banal to say his ideas are "timely"—they were always that—but much of what he has been saying is no longer unmentionable.

His criticism of American society and American xenophobia, his rage against racial and ethnic injustice, his hatred of war and refusal to allow any justification for it, the moral system he builds on purely human standards and in which no "larger" concerns can make suffering right: all these are now familiar, if not yet entirely acceptable, in American public life.

In Patchen's world, however, man has failed. He is surrounded and attacked by the malevolent insanity of a history run amok.

It is a grim, almost hopeless, attitude that Patchen holds. But for



all this, he still refuses to give up on man, refuses to resolve the tension between human potential and human behavior.

The last words must be Patchen's. In the "Journal," he writes:

"The great writer will take a heroic stand against literature: By changing the nature of what is to be done, he will be the first to do what the voice of dreaming does; he will heal the hurt where God's hand pressed too hard in his zeal to make us more than the animals."



# The World of Drugs

Are marijuana users a "blight to society?" An apparently well balanced young man with a good job, who claims to have been smoking marijuana for the past 12 years, laughs at this suggestion made last week by a prominent physician, Dr. Edward Bloomquist.

"If I am a blight to society, who isn't?" he asked the Guardian.

Dr. Bloomquist, writing for the California Medical Association's Committee on Dangerous Drugs, also said that marijuana is associated with violent behavior. "Enforcement officers can document such occurrences with case histories," he said.

Not so, declare University of California researchers who spent 18 months working closely with young drug users in the "flatlands" of Oakland. By far, the majority of drug users are law abiding youngsters.

This is the last of the Guardian's extracts from their much discussed and authoritative report.

## By the Guardian Staff

Teenagers take to drugs "to experience life as it is seen and not to run from it," say UC researchers.

This important conclusion contradicts many current ideas that drug use is an effort to escape reality.

"To the contrary, as our evidence shows overwhelmingly, the great majority of youngsters become users as a means of embracing reality," says the report.

Thus, UC workers are exposing, in their own words, "the dubious, indeed ridiculous, character of current motivational schemes" to wean youngsters away from drugs.

Another popular idea is that drug use is a disguised form to vent underlying hatred of society. Says the report: "Our huge body of empirical evidence gives no support whatsoever to this."

RECRUITMENT into drug use, they say, "is a developing experience that depends on the basic factors of access to drugs, acceptance by drug-using associates, kinds of images youngsters have of drugs and the runs of experience that affect their interpretation of drugs."

Youngsters striving to be as cool as associates will use drugs to be accepted, to participate in the parties and dances of those they admire.

UC researchers set out to find out what happens to youngsters after they have been introduced to drugs. And, in the process, kicked another common notion.

"ODDLY enough, the conventional notion, in both lay and scholarly circles, is that there is a simple, natural line of progression followed by drug users — beginning with the milder drugs, such as smoking marijuana, moving to more dangerous drugs for greater 'kicks,' passing to the use of heroin, becoming an opiate addict, engaging in a variety of crim-

Part 4 of a revealing Guardian series that throws light on today's youth

## Youngsters are chasing reality, says UC team

inal acts to support the habit, and ending up in a penitentiary.

"The conventional belief usually depicts this line of progression as operating with the finality of dominoes, aligned on end in a row, knocking each other.

"Our evidence indicates that this belief in a single, set line of progression is a travesty of what takes place in the case of youthful drug use."

AS YOUNG drug-users move into adulthood, there are four chief ways they can go: 1. Move into conventional society as an ordinary conforming citizen; 2. Move into patterns of "hustling" on either an illegal or semi-legal basis; 3. Become hard core opiate addicts, and 4. Enter a livelihood of criminal violence, usually leading to prison.

There are two reasons, says the report, why it is likely that a large number, probably the greatest proportion, of youthful drug users move into conventional society.

One reason is that the number of youths arrested in Oakland is drastically lower than the number of drug using youths who become adults. This suggests that either youths have given up drugs or they have managed to conceal them behind a facade of conventional life.

THE OTHER reason is that the general pattern of life of the most common type of youthful drug user, the "mellow dude," has a fundamental conventional imprint. This type shuns rowdiness and violence, seeks "cool" fun and enjoyment, avoids trouble with the law and moves into conventional employment.

"... This partner of mine used to carry a pack of joints around with him instead of a pack of smokes, and I knew him for about three years, man, and we did a lot of stuff together.

"Well, he met this one girl and married and ever since then he quit (using drugs). One night he shocked the shit out of me. Well, I offered my partner a joint, you know how you do, and he was gonna beat the shit out of me, you know.

"I thought, Oh man, this punk! He's square now. He don't know what's happening, and I thought something happened to him. But deep inside my mind I knew the dude was right, and I knew he was cooler than I was, you know, and I knew he looked down on me for this. ...

"When he did this to me, well I thought there is something higher. People who are cooler than me. Well, I just kind of followed in his footsteps, you know. There was a lot of things that made me stop, but that was the one main thing.

"It was my own partner that turned me down. ... See, you got two groups of people in the world, man. You got people who are cool and know what's happening, and

they don't touch weed, and they have a good time, but they don't touch the stuff.

"These people are all right, you know. Then you got the people that get loaded that are cool, that hold their mug, that maintain, that know what's happening, you know. ... Now, anybody above or below these people are punks. ...

"See, these people who I got to know they don't touch it, you know. They just leave it alone, you know they go out for football and these church things and everything. They tried to get me in one of them.

"You know, they're ordinary people but they're real good, you know. Once you get to know 'em, they're really cool. I mean they don't touch it, but they know what's happening. There's different levels, I guess.

"These people were all right, and that was one of the reasons why I quit, you know, 'cause I was getting more of what you might call decent friends than I was these bunch of punks.

"So, I quit because of them, and my older partners were getting married, and they were laying off it, and showing me, you know. If they could do it, I can do it. So that's what I did. ...

In several instances, youngsters reduced their drug involvement because they found that drug use was no longer compatible with the new picture of normal life they were forming. Here is a sociable user who once considered himself a pot head:

"... I'm really breaking loose right now from it. In fact, you can say I only get loaded maybe every day but just smoke one joint. I don't hardly buy anything. Maybe spend five dollars every two weeks on a matchbox and pretty soon I expect I won't buy any at all.

"Maybe just get loaded at somebody's house. Yeah, let's get loaded, you know. It's all right. But I couldn't really say no, I'm not gonna be getting loaded anymore. It's gotta be a gradual thing and that's what it's working up to right now.

"It's really something that's getting less and less than what it used to be. ... 'Cause I still like it and it's a lot better than drinking a few beers.

"I mean, I wouldn't want to go to a bar and sit there and drink Tom Collins and Whisky Sours all night. That's really bad. I don't see how anybody can get any satisfaction out of drinking.

"In fact, I don't think anybody does to tell you the truth. I don't think there's a person in this world that likes the taste of whisky. ...

"But let's face it. It's been how long, 30 years, and it's not getting any better. I mean chances are it's not gonna be accepted, and I don't see any reason why I should go down

— Continued on page 11

## PREVIEWING THE SCENE STEALER

### HOLMES Decorator Cabinet Bed

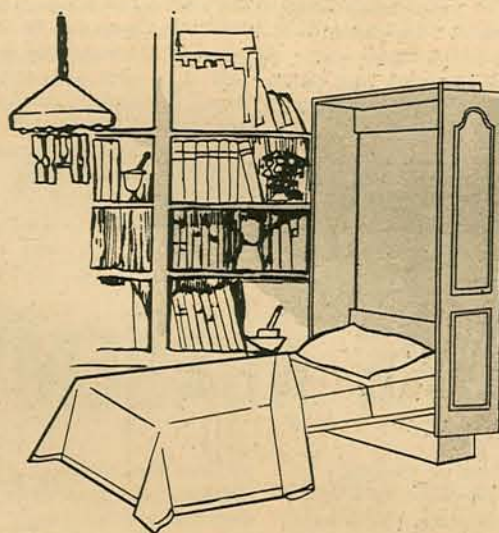
You can make your den or recreation room into a second bedroom and still retain den or recreation room use.

Five standard designs and finishes or our design department will create special designs and finishes for you. Our product is produced in San Francisco for fast and efficient customer service.



#### DAYTIME SCENE

Your bedding is out of it, looks like a beautiful armoire when closed. Cabinet is only 48" x 24" on the floor. Leave the bedding in place when you close it.



#### NIGHTTIME SCENE

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## Series that throws light on today's youth



— George Gardiner, Bay Guardian Co. 1967

—Continued from page 10

with it.

"If I want to live a normal life, whatever people think as a normal life, you know, have to go with the majority sooner or later. . . It would be fine if something could be done about it, and if people like it and accepted it, but I can't grow a beard and run around carrying a sign to legalize marijuana. . . I'm just gonna have to quite sometime sooner or later. . ."

Add Center workers were interested to discover that, to a large degree, drug use varied with the social situation.

For example, one group of youngsters greatly stepped up both their use of and variety of drugs during summer vacation. When school resumed, they reverted to their earlier usage.

Time after time, say UC workers, drug-using informants acknowledged that they were held to their drug by the fact of their association with one another.

"... I've tried not to get loaded, but my friends live right in the area, all around Oakland in fact, and everybody gets loaded, and it's hard for me to step outside, you know, go to the store and not have one person come up and give me this or that. . . so the hardest thing if you wanted to quit getting loaded is to stay away from your friends.

"There's nobody like your friends, man. You know, you know 'em all your life. . ."

The report discussed in detail recruitment into the use of heroin. Most youthful drug users it declared,

look with disdain and frequently with fear upon the use of heroin.

It is important to realize, the report says, that the majority of youthful drug users "have no association with heroin users and no access to heroin."

"Outside of a jail or prison situation, the major way in which youthful drug users come into association with heroin users is by way of engaging in hustling practices."

THUS, access to heroin use is fairly well limited to the type of adolescent drug user known as the "player" or "apprentice hustler."

Players, of course, do not automatically try heroin. Others may try it once only. Still others may be led to try the drug more than once, thus entering the stage of use known as "chipping." In this stage, heroin use is intermittent and frequently confined to weekend parties.

For the most part, players who chippy with heroin think that they have their heroin use under control and do not believe that it is possible for them to get "hooked."

Usually a player is moving fast in the streets, hustling and supporting a "weekend habit." But when he shortens the intervals between shots, tolerance develops and he may increase the dose of heroin to receive the initial effects of the first shot.

AFTER going without the drug for a while, he feels "sick" and awareness of addiction clutters his thoughts. He may "fight the yen" (craving for opiates to eliminate withdrawal symptoms) in a state of

confusion.

But if he "fixes" again to prevent himself from "getting sick," he will realize that he is hooked. Addicts often comment, say UC researchers, that heroin "sneaks up" or "grabs."

If a person does, in fact, get hooked, the chippy phase is over.

Thereafter, he may try again and again to chippy, believing that he is controlling his habit, but is bound to end with full dependence on the drug again.

BUT THE report makes clear, even though the player has begun to chippy with the drug, he is still retrievable before he becomes hooked.

UC researchers concluded their 81-page report by pointing out that youthful drug use in Oakland is an "appreciably extensive and deeply-rooted practice, lodged primarily in the lower strata but currently expanding into middle and upper class strata."

"Drug use," declares the report, "constitutes for the users a natural way of life and does not represent a pathological phenomenon."

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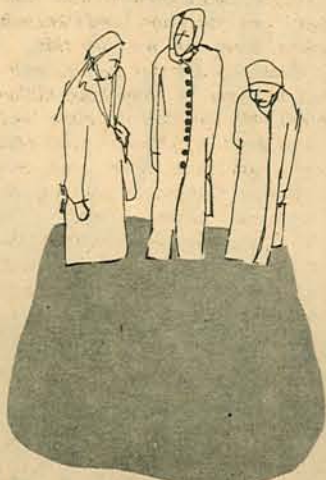
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## THE VOICE

### TRAGEDY MAY YET OBTAIN

So often now we walk like ghosts  
in our old house  
That really isn't old; we feel we  
know each other, our strange  
family histories,  
For the first time. Beauty calls it  
"tragedy"  
And I agree, finding the heart so  
often silent now.  
There's much unhappiness often,  
much storm.  
There are many rooms, I think,  
where all of us come in, go out.  
How else explain the mysteries  
which I, for one, do not reject  
or laugh about.  
Yet often we feel laughter's  
encroachment, as adjunct to  
time,  
The comedy couple to tragedy,  
in old houses.



### PART OF A SERIES

Turning from the almanac,  
The harmless weather report,  
He noticed the day's headline:  
"Murder in New Jersey."  
The crime was "unmotivated,  
Part of a typical series."  
"No one is responsible,"  
The jury said.  
And the falling snow,  
Flake upon flake,  
Was burying New Jersey.

Tracy Thompson

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# Sometimes, Auberjonois' posturing makes me want to kick his pants

By Rolfe (POW!) Peterson

(Peterson is CBS critic at large and hosts the critically acclaimed POW! show Sundays at 1 p.m. on KPIX. He will regularly review theater and entertainment for The Guardian.)

As the American Conservatory Theatre's first season ends in San Francisco, I look back upon a series phenomenal for its diversity and richness. I

saw seven of the 16 plays and can assess the season as a whole only in the most general way, but many specific pleasures remain in memory:  
◆Carol Teitel in "Under Milkwood," especially her inspired embodiment of an excited little girl.  
◆Ken Ruta's magnificent voice, magnificently used in that abominable play, "Endgame."

◆Sada Thompson's Mrs. Campbell in "Dear Liar," the art of acting at its most mellow, its most beautiful.  
◆Ann Roth's costuming for "The Torch-Bearers."  
◆Richard Dysart's leap from the amateurish in "The Torch-Bearers" to the superbly professional in "Six Characters in Search of an Author" and "Under Milkwood."  
◆Jay Doyle in several roles in which he enhanced good acting with a sense of humor and style.  
◆Ray Reinhardt's pompous conservative in "Man and Superman," the only entirely acceptable and Shavian element in that curious production.  
◆Michael O'Sullivan not only acting, but looking like, Shaw in "Dear Liar."  
◆Ruth Kobart's majestic doyen of Little Theatre in "The Torch-Bearers."  
◆Everyone, on stage and off, involved in "Tartuffe."  
The company's star actor so far has been Rene Auberjonois. His appeal lies in traditional stage diction, which informs the average audience that here is real acting, coupled with a taste for low-brow comedy, which allows the average audience to relax and enjoy some easy laughter while soaking up its culture.  
But for me, this irresistible com-

## Theater

bination is surprisingly resistible, and not only because the low-brow laugh-milking is not always appropriate to the play (the broad mimicry that makes his old man in "Under Milkwood" a very funny minute-and-a-half, or, according to the critics, his "Charley's Aunt" a two-hour scream, is wrong for "Man and Superman" because John Tanner is not a clown).

HIS defect for me is that he is simply not as likable as the role calls for him to be. This is difficult to discuss critically and objectively because it might be a personality clash, but acting at its most pleasurable does involve something we call charm, and I think Auberjonois needs some.

As Don Juan, he postures so that I want to kick his pants. When he projects, even though he does it well, he reminds me of every pain-in-the-neck college ham in my past. In "Beyond the Fringe," in which he is both actor and director, he annoys me by delivering every laugh line as if to say, "What a big boy am I!"

It would be funnier, and he would be more charming, if he could just occasionally underplay, or throw a line away, or substitute something audaciously subtle for the floor-board-cracking pratfall that telegraphs the message, "I am working very, very hard. Please laugh."

IN "Tartuffe," his mannerisms are sometimes excessive, too, but here he seems justified because the reptilian caricature of human movement fits the stylized concept that made this production the one unqualified success of the ACT season.

Auberjonois, I was surprised to learn, is only 26 years old. With so much future, it's a good bet that he will eventually achieve the greatness that many see in him already.

Other ACT performers, like Austin Pendleton, provided fine moments but proved to be limited in range, capable of disastrous inadequacy when miscast.

Still others, like Paul Shenar, Scott Hylands and half the cast of "The Torch-Bearers," often seemed more amateurish than professional.

One can fault neither the execution nor the choice of play in such successes as "Tartuffe," "Dear Liar" and "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Although "Man and Superman" and "Under Milkwood" were flawed by a few inadequate performances and some misguided direction, they are worth seeing in almost any performance. But "Death of a Salesman" and "Arsenic and Old Lace" are too familiar to us all to bother with.

ODDLY enough, the one production considered bad enough to withdraw before its completed schedule exemplifies something that a repertory company ought to be encouraged to do: dust off and revive some of the curios, the museum pieces, the forgotten plays that might suffer from obsolescence today but still delight an audience interested in theatrical history and the mores of a vanished era.

I didn't much like "The Torch-Bearers" because it was wrongly directed in some key roles and obviously staged with insufficient rehearsal. But it might have been a hilarious success, and I hope ACT will do something similar next year.

Whatever they do, I hope the press-agency that passed for criticism in San Francisco newspapers this season will recover its integrity.

ACT has enjoyed hysterical acclaim from almost all reviewers, better plays eliciting response nothing short of orgasmic, weaker ones getting ambiguous pats on the head. Whether this sort of civic-minded puffing gives a resident company the encouragement and box-office support it has to have, or simply corrupts the taste of company and audience alike, is still a debatable point.

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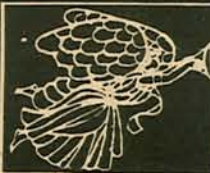
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## Whatever happened to good, corny adventure?

Review of "Casino Royale" (Alexandria and Geneva Drive-In)

By Margo Skinner

"Casino Royale" is a whiz-bang of a picture which ought to give the coup de grace to the current crop of "funny" spy films.

It's got everything — gadgetry developed to atomic tiny time capsules, the last explosion of which makes angels of the cast and matchwood of the Casino; acres of Play-boy-type girls, mutually indistinguishable, who are expert at all kinds of mayhem; not one but a corps of James Bonds functioning to confuse THURSH or SMERSH or whatever it is; a huge cast of luminaries, most of whom are wasted; five directors whose work, except for John Huston's first and brightest 15 minutes of the film, bears no mark of individuality; and the biggest, most populated fight scene of the century, in which the American good guys show up as cowboys on horseback and red Indian paratroopers in full tribal regalia. There is even a quick clip of early Keystone cops.

ALL THIS is occasionally funny, but it doesn't jell. Burslesquing Ian Fleming is a contradiction in terms to begin with. And "Casino Royale," which moves fast (like "Pussycat" and other comedies which try for

colleagues are trapped by Dr. Noah.

There is also an unfortunate dance sequence in the most Pseudo-Oriental temple I've ever seen. The choreography is Javanese cum Albertina Rasch, and dreadful.

At the end, I found myself saying rather wistfully that it might have been better done straight, and was told that a lot of people had said that.

Today there isn't any good corny adventure being written — or filmed. I mean stuff like Sax Rohmer (creator of Fu Manchu) and identify E. Phillips Oppenheim (who are often borrowed from by current writers), and in a broader sense Sabatini and "The Prisoner of Zenda."

IT SEEMS to me that a public hunger for derring-do leads audiences to these unfunny and gimmicky substitutes. Whatever happened to Captain Blood or Nayland Smith of British Intelligence? Where are the exotic blooms of yesterday, like Yasmini, who defied the British at the Khyber Pass, or Fah Lo Suee, Fu Manchu's fascinating daughter?

And don't, dear reader, say moderns are too sophisticated. If they can accept the stuff that's coming out now, they can accept anything.

## Movies

the flavor of Mack Sennett but never quite make it), doesn't move anywhere. There's nobody to identify with, and the ending is typically anti-climactic.

David Niven as Sir James Bond, an elegant retired aesthete, the top agent of World War I, who deprecates his latter-day namesake as a "sex fiend," keeps a stiff upper lip and tries. Deborah Kerr looks beautiful in an extremely silly role.

As the daughter of Sir James and Mata Hari (!), Joanna Pettet is actually alive and charming, though one could wish she slithered like the oriental dancer she is dressed as and didn't bounce like a school girl. A wonderful sinister female, stiffly corseted, whose name I didn't get, appears briefly as the headmistress of the spy seminary, and Daliah Lavi makes the most of a small part.

Lost in the shuffle are people like Peter Sellers, John Huston, Orson Welles, Charles Boyer and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Of Woody Allen, the less said the better.

THERE are a couple of striking scenes. Ursula Andress (an ice queen as usual) draws Sellers to her boudoir in slow motion past an immense tank of languid tropical fish. And there is a good bang quality to the op art room in which Niven and

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# It takes a good show to equal the intermissions . .

By Rolfe Peterson

It's as much fun to review the audience as the show when you go to a Civic Light Opera production. San Franciscans play the sophisticates, but in a theatre they're cornier than Ed Sullivan's studio audience.

Last year at "Hello, Dolly!" they clapped themselves silly every time Carol Channing performed the amazing feat of walking out on the runway, and now they're doing it at "Walking Happy" when three dancers do a simple walk across the stage in close formation like latter-day Ritz Brothers. This, I acknowledge, probably has a good effect on the performance, because actors by nature accept and respond to almost any crumb of praise, but they ought to have contempt for this sort.

THE light opera's intermission show at opening nights at the Curran theater is always good, replete with leathery young matrons just

## Opera

in from Squaw Valley hoping the Chronicle photographer will come by, and nice folks peering at the advance posters for "Man of La Mancha" and wondering why the pictures don't seem to correspond with what's been going on in Act One of "Walking Happy."

I must add, though, that the best intermissions are those next door at A.C.T., where one can eavesdrop with delight on the earnest pronouncements of hip young intellectuals while watching the parade of A.C.T. actors with a night off, clad for theatre-going in second-hand sweaters or car-coats, posing in the lobby and waiting for stares of recognition. It takes a good show at the right end of the theatre to equal these rituals at the wrong end.

"WALKING Happy" is indeed a

good show, in spite of its execrable formula — an old-fashioned sentimental novel or play "Hobson's Choice" festooned with 15 dull songs to make it a musical. This recipe has resulted in shows that range from the mediocre ("Hello, Dolly!") "Oliver!" to the uncalled-for ("Half a Sixpence," "Pickwick"). In this case, it's the heart-warming story of the humble Lancashire boot-maker who marries the store owner's daughter—to some extent against his will.

Luckily for "Walking Happy," two heroes rise above its heavy-handed libretto and undistinguished songs and make the whole show look witty and charming.

Norman Wisdom is a little English comedian in the Music Hall tradition that previously gave us Charlie Chaplin and Stan Laurel. It is the kind of simple, physical humor that parodies the movements and gestures and postures of ordinary human behavior.

The other hero is Danny Daniels, the choreographer. Three or four of his dance numbers are irresistible, and one of them, the Clog Dance, is a show-stopper. I was resigned to another 20 years of musical comedy dancing derived from the same old Agnes DeMille mannerisms that the TV variety shows exhibit every night, but Daniels shows here that production numbers can be both appropriate to the traditions and style of a particular setting and also fresh and original.

GEORGE Rose's role is given much of the intended humor of the libretto, but like the Shakespearean clowns that Rose so often plays, his shopkeeper-father becomes more tiresome than funny. Anne Rogers gives her dialogue and songs an efficient Julie Andrews treatment. The American performers do a glaringly amateurish job on their Lancashire accents.

"Walking Happy" goes on too long and, when the dancing stops, loses its buoyant step. Much could be condensed or even omitted — three or four of the ballads, for instance. The score is the work of Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen, and most of it sounds like songs they couldn't sell to the movies.

But amidst the pedestrianism, there are Norman Wisdom and the dancers. They make "Walking Happy" a jolly good show.

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# WHAT'S HAPPENING

By Creighton H. Churchill

## Is God heterosexual?

Is there sex in Heaven? That seems to be the tack taken, as of this writing, by the San Francisco obscenity trial of the "Love Book," a grouping of theo-erotic poems by Lenore Kandel, love-mother of the Haight Generation. If you're interested in the answer to this pregnant question, try any of the book stores on Telegraph Ave. in Berkeley between Haste and Dwight, where the "Love Book" sells for \$1.00. It's weak pornography and anemic poetry, but fun to quote at heterosexual cocktail parties. The whole issue could be happily settled if someone could invite Allan Ginsburg, Bishop Pike, the members of the S.F. DA's office and the Fugs to a dance in Grace Cathedral.

## If Your bean has been

For most, the quest for the perfect cup of coffee surpasses that of the Holy Grail. If your spouse or good-and-great-friend has poured your last cup of coffee down your back, try the House of Coffee, 1846 Irving St., in S.F. Therein resides one of the most complete selections of imported coffee beans in San Francisco. A blend will be custom made to your taste, roasted and ground while you watch. Teas from everywhere are available, as are curious grains, gourmet foods and spices that one can find no where else. Every possible method of blending, roasting and preparing coffee and tea is represented in the collection of coffee pots, steamers, mills, roasters and brewers on display and for sale. A. Devletian, the proprietor, is an affable and knowledgeable consultant for your brewing ills. Also on sale are imported Eastern water pipes (see item below). Next door is the PACIFIC TOBACCO COMPANY, a small shop that will select and mix tobaccos of your choice, then hand roll cigars to your order at a price much lower than Dunhills.

## Sitting Bull is alive in The White House

Fans of the bumper sticker printed by a hip group of American Indians, "CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS", (available at the Print Mint on Haight in S.F.) should demonstrate their solidarity by driving down to the Elegant Farmer, Jack London Square in Oakland, and carving into a real Buffalo steak, or by making it over to Tommy's Joynt on Van Ness in S.F. for Buffalo Stew.

## Love is a stuffed grape leaf

Berkeley has several interesting student - professor - young married-type of restaurants. What is surprising is that some do serve excellent food at reasonable prices. The Italian haute cuisine served in the back of the Caffè Mediterraneo, 2475 Telegraph, ranges from tomato and onion salad bowls through pastas to stuffed grape leaves, all for less than \$1.80 per complete dinner. The Caffè is the original "Avenue" coffee house and still is the caffeine "fix" of the "real-time" hip of the cogniscenti, as opposed to the unreconstructed teenyboppers and sorority girls hustling hippy males in the Forum, a huge coffee bar just down the street. Lichee Hwon, 2500 Telegraph, is the single best restaurant value in Berkeley since it serves gourmet classics in Chinese cuisine (pressed duck, oyster beef, etc.) in large portions with artistic service for \$6.00 for two, tip included. The Turned-on, Tuned-in versions of Pancho Villa eat at Don Paquin's, 2428 Telegraph, a pleasingly decorated Mexican restaurant with authentic goodness (tacos verdes) at \$6 to \$7 per very stuffed couple.

## Pasta and chilled duodenums

Old North Beach Italian family style dinners survive in the New Pisa restaurant, 1268 Grant. A six course meal with delicious choice of entrees for \$6.00 per couple sans drinks. The classic roman profile of the bartender and the wild Baseball-umpires-in-Hell murals (from the Yankee Clipper period) are added attractions to a pleasant repast. After several quick laps around Telegraph hill, utterly foolish 400 pound ex-football stars will be ready to attack the "Challenge Cup" at the unique Rumpelstiltskin Victorian Ice Cream Parlour, 1980 Union St. The "cup" is a silver bowl filled with 35 scoops of assorted ice cream (a little over one gallon) for \$3.50. If one person can consume the cup in an hour, unaided, his money will be refunded and his name engraved beside 18 winners on the bowl. Time limit one hour's eating. You must pay your own medical bills for a frozen stomach.

## Take a fakir to lunch

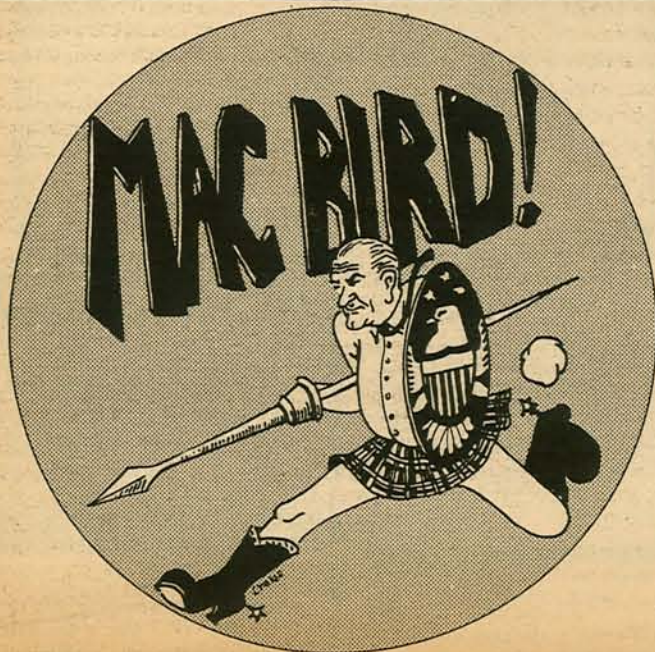
Since every kid on the block except you has a "Hash Cannon," buy one at the Squirkenworks, .01 Fifth Avenue in Greater Downtown Intergalactic Oakland, for \$4.00, instructions included. Invite neighbors in to groove the new purchase by setting your stereo's speakers in the front windows, turning the volume up to Armageddon and blasting out with "Jilala," an L.P. recording that features trance music by Moroccan Dervishes. Write Tompkins Square Books, 97 Avenue B, NY, NY, 1009, for the recording. Then sit back and watch everybody stroll across the hot coals in your barbecue.

## The Electric Oasis of Rhythm Desert

San Francisco may be the "Liverpool of America" — cradle to the new music of acid-folk-psychedelic-rock — but our local A.M. rock stations are strictly from Fallen Withers, South Dakota. They play top 40 drivel ad nauseum, interspersed with dumb commercials about great little drugs that calm you down or wake you up. Relief, however, comes in the form of KMPX (107 on the F.M. log.) Operated by Tom Donahue, graduate of rock station KYA and one of the few literate figures in the pop music business, KMPX presents tasteful samples of the best in the new music in multiplex stereo from 8 to 10:30 a.m. each night. The station itself is excuse enough for buying an F.M. radio. The only other rock-radio personalities worth the effort are Tommy Saunders and Russ Syracuse filling in the 9 a.m. to 6 a.m. slots on KYA. Their woolly and acid humor, sprinkled with social irreverence, breaks through the 45 rpm straight-jacket cast by their station's idiot programmers.

## Pipe dreams with life's waters

The rise of the water pipe (hubble-bubble or hookah, as you will) to status as a hot commercial item can be traced to several sources, the least of which is concern with filtering out tobacco tars. A Berkeley smoke-shop operator asked a girl, buying a \$5.00 ceramic gift-wrapped pipe, if she wanted any tobacco to go with her present. "What for?" she asked, bewildered. Prices range from \$3 for a mass-produced glass and plastic job to \$25 and \$30 for the multiple tube (5 mouthpieces) free standing sculpture-like custom pieces.



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# Reagan's Progressive Tax

Continued from Page 4—

secure withholding were thwarted  
by Democrats in the Senate led by  
George Miller, Jr., and J. Eugene  
McAteer.

In sum, fairness in tax reform will  
not come from a fixation on the sales  
tax increase, which is justified as an  
offset to lowering property taxes, or  
even upon higher consumer taxes. It  
will rest upon the net impact of the  
entire package. This, in turn, will be  
largely molded by how income and  
business inventory taxes are treated.

MANY other means are available  
if Democrats wish to make the tax  
program more equitable. Inheritance  
taxes could be raised. A graduated  
real estate transfer tax could be im-  
posed. A severance tax could be  
placed on oil and gas, as it is in Louis-

iana, Texas and Oklahoma. That this  
big oil state has no such tax is a  
disgrace, and a tribute to the over-  
whelming power of the oil com-  
panies.

What we can reasonably expect,  
however, is quite different. The  
Assembly probably will pass a  
pragmatic tax bill, not quite as good  
as Reagan's. Meanwhile, the Senate,  
characteristically with holdover  
northern Democrats in tight control  
of fiscal committees, offers no lead-  
ership at all.

Thus, the prospect is that demo-  
crats, groping desperately to re-  
assemble their shattered political  
base, will turn over to Reagan the  
tax banner of defender of the little  
man in California.



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*The Black Panther Party approaching the California State Capitol*

EARL THOLLANDER  
Sacramento



Earl Thollander, The Guardian's artist-reporter, was sketching the State Capitol on Guardian assignment (below) on May 2 when the famous contingent of Black Panthers appeared.

"They came up the walk, in the shade of the cedar trees, some carrying rifles, some wearing bandoliers of bullets," Thollander said. "It was the most dramatic thing I have ever seen."

Above the Panthers move to-

## **"I'll never forget the hatred in their eyes"-- Earl Thollander on the Panthers**

ward the Capitol—"tentatively, as if they didn't know quite how to mingle with the well-dressed crowd outside." To the left is a closeup of a

Panther, with Thollander (sketchbook in hand) in the foreground. "I'll never forget the hatred in their eyes," he said.



EARL THOLLANDER

*Governor Ronald Reagan on the Capitol steps, May 2, '67*